THE BOYS' OWN BOOK OF ADVENTURERS

ALBERT BRITT

Boys' own book of adventurers

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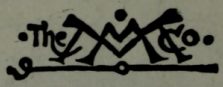

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THE BOYS' OWN BOOK OF ADVENTURERS

BY

ALBERT BRITT

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THE BOYS' OWN BOOK OF ADVENTURERS

I

STANLEY, THE MAKER OF AFRICA

When Henry M. Stanley was born in Wales in 1840,* Africa was the Dark Continent. For centuries white men had skirted its coasts and nibbled at its borders. Egypt was the seat of one of the oldest civilizations known to man. In the north the Carthaginians had built and lost a great empire before the Christian Era began. The Boers had found a refuge in the south early in the century and Capetown had been a port of call almost from the time the Portuguese sailors, inspired by Henry the Navigator, began the exploring of the unknown seas. But the heart of the great continent remained almost untouched and unknown.

There had not been wanting explorers, missionaries, soldiers of fortune, to make the attempt. The roll is a long one. About the time Stanley was born a Scotch hunter, Gordon-Cummings, was pushing up from the south in his pursuit of big game. On the Limpopo River he crossed the trail of a young Scotch missionary, David Livingstone, who was destined later to have his name linked forever with Stanley's. Speke, Grant, Sir Samuel Baker were preparing to make their treks into

* In his Autobiography he intimates that the year of his birth was 1842.

the jungle for sport, for exploration, for adventure, any or all of the various quests that have drawn restless feet and ardent spirits into the dark and unknown places of earth.

There were many hands prying at the door, but it was not until the Welsh-American wanderer, soldier, sailor, newspaper correspondent, explorer Stanley came that the way was opened across the darkest of the Dark Continent and lines and names began to appear on what had been the largest blank space on the world's map.

It would be hard to imagine a more unfavorable beginning for a great work than the one young Stanley had. Even the name which he was later to bear was not his own. His father was the oldest son of John Rowlands, of Llys, and his mother was Elizabeth, daughter of Moses Parry, of Denbigh Castle, Wales. In his autobiography he makes only the barest reference to his father and seems never to have seen him. His mother he saw once when he was twelve years old. The lad was then an inmate of St. Asaph's workhouse.

His first recollection is of his mother's father, Moses Parry, then a very old man. The early years of the lad's life were hard, bitter years. His grandfather died and he was sent to live with Richard and Jenny Price. Stanley says that this old couple was "dismayed at my increasing appetite." At any rate, the age of seven found him in St. Asaph's Workhouse, under the rule of James Francis, a one-handed schoolmaster, "brutal of temper and callous of heart," who afterwards died insane.

The story of those days reads like a chapter out of Nicholas Nickleby's experience at Dotheboys Hall. It is a record of hardship and hard work, poor fare and little play. But the schoolmaster-superintendent seems to have had some talent for teaching along with his slave-driving propensities, and young Rowlands became fairly proficient in mathematics. He also acquired a taste for books, although his chances for reading were few and the books still fewer.

He was about fifteen when he came to the end of his road in the workhouse. Here, as in Dotheboys Hall, it was rebellion that opened the door. Resenting an unjustified flogging, young Rowlands floored the schoolmaster with a lucky kick, beat him to insensibility with his own blackthorn and with another boy scaled the wall and ran away. At first his wandering feet led him to his grandfather, John Rowlands, of Llys. The grim, prosperous old farmer heard his tale of distress and made curt answer:

"Very well. You can go back the way you came. I can do nothing for you and have nothing to give you."

There followed a short term as pupil-teacher for a cousin, Moses Owen, who gave him little but a deeper passion for books, and a still briefer period as odd-job laborer for an aunt at Ffnnon Benno. Another aunt enticed him to Liverpool with the promise of a job in an insurance office. There was no job, and the best he could do was to find temporary work with a butcher.

But Liverpool gave him his first sight of salt water and his wanderings along the wharves brought him to a sea captain who offered him a post as cabin boy at

five dollars a month and an outfit. Once at sea he found that he was ship-boy and not cabin-boy—a hard post on a harder ship. The mates were what the language of the sea termed buckos, which means that their relations with the men were summed up in the phrase—a word, a curse, and a belaying pin.

Fifty-two days after she cleared from Liverpool the *Windermere* anchored off the mouth of the Mississippi. That was enough for a first try for young Rowlands, and he found a shore job with a shipping firm in New Orleans. At the same time he found a new name. The stranger who helped him to his new post was Henry M. Stanley, a shipping broker along the Mississippi. This seemed the beginning of better days for the young immigrant. For the first time in his life he had money for books. Here is the list of his first purchases: Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, Spencer's Faery Queene, Tasso's Jerusalem Delivered, Pope's Iliad, Dryden's Odyssey, Paradise Lost, Plutarch's Lives, Simplicius on Epictetus, and a History of the United States. A resounding list of great names this for the leisure hours of a penniless lad just out of the 'tween-decks quarters of a hard-driven square rigger.

These were the days when the South was moving blindly toward the abyss of Civil War. Young Stanley worked for a few months in New Orleans and made a trip to St. Louis to meet his foster father. In some way he missed him and made the return trip on a flatboat.

His period of comfort under the protection of Mr.

Stanley was of short duration. Late in 1860 the latter started on a trip to Cuba from which he did not return, and the young Henry M. drifted up into Arkansas and found a place in a country store not far from Little Rock. Here the war found him. Knowing little of the merits of the controversy, and caring less, local public opinion drove him into the Dixie Grays. The officer who swore him into the service of the Confederate States of America was Adjutant General Burgevine. This man was just setting his feet on a trail that was to lead him far. After the collapse of secession Burgevine drifted out to China and became Commander of the Chinese Imperial Army against the Tai Ping rebels. His successor in this post was Chinese Gordon, with whom Stanley was to have contact later in the founding of the Congo Free State. However far the trails of the adventurers lead, they cross and intertwine at the lone crossroads.

Young Stanley's military experience was short, but extremely varied. He was captured at the battle of Shiloh and sent to Camp Douglas, near Chicago. Prison life was too severe, and he found himself wasting away when an offer of service in the Northern ranks showed him the way out. North and South were little more than points of the compass to him, and in 1863 he was a Union artilleryman.

We must read fast to follow the record of his wandering feet in those days. Discharged from the Union army on account of sickness, he went to sea again. There was a brief visit to his Welsh birthplace where his family rejected him. He was wrecked off the

Spanish Coast. Here is the entry in his diary: "Wrecked off Barcelona. Crew lost in the night. Stripped naked and swam to shore. Barrack of Carbineers———demanded my papers." This lad of twenty-three was too busy doing things to write about them. The writing days were just ahead. Back in the United States he enlisted in the navy and took part in the attack on Fort Fisher. Here he earned promotion for swimming 500 yards under fire and attaching a rope to a captured steamer. His newspaper reports of the attack were his first venture in the journalistic field. It was the final shaping of his course. Henceforth he was to be primarily and always a correspondent. But his work was not to deal with the ordinary material of the newspaper reporter. From the beginning his feet led him to strange lands. His first expedition was to Smyrna in 1866. Here he walked the edge of disaster and he and his companions were nearly killed by natives.

There followed a brief tour of our own West, where he had the opportunity of watching the dealings of Generals Hancock and Sherman with the Indians, and learned lessons that were to be useful in later days in Africa. Now came his first taste of Africa. Napier was leading an English force in the attack on Emperor Theodore of Abyssinia and Stanley's letters to the New York *Herald* were the first news the civilized world had of the campaign. In fact these reports were for a long time the only information England had of the fall of Theodore, the breaking of the cable to Malta having cut off the official dispatches. This work put

him definitely in the front rank of the great correspondents.

The months that followed were busy ones, even for such a prodigious worker as Stanley. He described the work on the Suez Canal now nearly completed, covered an insurrection in Crete, a royal baptism in Athens, and wrote letters from Rhodes, Smyrna, Beyrout, and Alexandria. Then he jumped back to Spain for a close view of an impending revolution.

The revolution hung fire and the *Herald* sent him to Aden to meet Dr. Livingstone, who was reported to be on his way out of the dark interior of Africa. Aden may not be quite the hottest, dirtiest town in the world, but it is a close contender for that doubtful honor. It squats on the shore of the Red Sea at the lowermost point of Arabia where the narrow waters open out into the Indian Ocean. Behind it lie barren wastes of sun-smitten sand and before it the turgid waters of the Gulf of Aden. With the opening of the Suez Canal it became one of the crossroad corners of the world's traffic, and here gathered the homeless drifters and wasters of all nations.

Here Stanley waited vainly for ten weeks for Livingstone. Here, too, he wrote his book on the Magdala Campaign with Napier and filled in his leisure hours with Josephus, Herodotus, the Iliad, and Wilkinson and Lane on Egypt.

Early in 1869 he was back in Spain and saw the establishment of the new government that followed the deposing of Isabella. It was a hectic interlude. He was present at a Carlist uprising at Saragossa and ran

a gauntlet of bullets to make his way into Valencia, where unhappy Spain was being treated to another insurrection.

The trails were narrowing now. In October of that year a dispatch from James Gordon Bennett, of the New York *Herald,* called him to Paris. The meeting was characteristic of both men. As the story goes, Bennett came to Stanley's bedside in his Paris hotel in the small hours of the morning and waked him from sound sleep. "I want you to go to Africa to find Livingtone," was his greeting. "When do I start?" was Stanley's reply. "At once," said Bennett. Despite the apparently urgent character of the commission, the road to Africa was a long and devious one. On his way to Central Africa he was to report the ceremonies at the opening of the Suez Canal, and cover Baker's expedition in upper Egypt, and the excavations in Jerusalem. Then he was to visit Syria and Constantinople and discuss the political situation in these places, stop in the Crimea to describe the archeological explorations there, explain the Russian policy and progress in the Caucasus and Trans-Caspian region generally, and double back through Persia into India. Those things accomplished, he was to set out through the African jungle to find Livingstone.

It was a five years' task for the ordinary experienced correspondent and Stanley did it in twelve months.

The task of finding Livingstone in itself was enough for most men to have rested a life reputation on. It was four years since the old Scotch missionary had plunged into Africa on his last trip, and many, includ-

ing Stanley, believed that he was long since dead. If alive he was supposed to be somewhere in the neighborhood of Lake Tanganyika, but since even the location of the lake itself was only vaguely known in a district at least six or seven hundred miles each way, the task of finding him alive or securing positive evidence of his death, if dead, can be imagined. It was necessary to outfit for the better part of a year and for travel through a country much of it hostile and all of it frequently convulsed with tribal wars. There were wide stretches of desert to be crossed, swamps to be waded, mountain ranges to be surmounted, and always there was the jungle with its menace of fever, wild beasts, and the lurking savage with the poisoned dart.

Early in 1871 the expedition was ready to start from Zanzibar, the chief port of what was afterward German and is now British East Africa, three white men, thirty-one armed freemen of Zanzibar, 153 porters, 27 pack animals, and two riding horses. It was a hard trail, and before they were long on the way they became involved in a campaign with the Arabs against Mirambo, an Unyamwezi chief. The result was disastrous to Stanley. He was defeated and was compelled to reorganize his force. This diversion cost him three months' time and many men.

Resuming his penetration of the interior, rumors began to reach him through the natives of a white man with a long white beard and hair who was living at Ujiji on Lake Tanganyika. Slowly he pressed forward, buying the favor of native chiefs where it could be done without too great cost, aweing them with a show of

force where the price demanded was too high. He was now in a land where firearms were unknown, and his strongest argument was an exhibition of the black stick that vomited thunder and lightning, dealing death to whatever stood in its way.

His meeting with Livingstone, at Ujiji, is historical. For two hundred and thirty-five days he had struggled toward this moment, walking every day with Death at his elbow. Here was the climax of one of the great exploratory efforts half across the unknown Continent, over trails never before pressed by white feet, and his greeting to the long-sought missionary was the formal salutation of one polite stranger to another in the midst of civilization.

"Dr. Livingstone, I presume," he said. "My name is Stanley." When he returned without Livingstone, for the old man accompanied him only as far as Unyanyembe, there was much discussion and some question as to his having really found the lost missionary. By the time the Royal Geographical Society and the press had decided to accept his report he was so incensed that he was already on the point of quitting England for another trip to Africa. This time he joined Sir Garnet Wolseley in his campaign against King Coffee of the Ashantees. It was his first view of the West Coast, and this experience, which was the usual one of the small military expeditions, half-punitive and half-developmental, seems to have fixed more firmly in his mind the half-formed plan of his next and greatest journey.

At any rate, in 1874 he is back in London urging Lawson, the proprietor of the London *Chronicle,* to

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join with Bennett of the New York *Herald* to send him to Africa to finish the work that Livingstone had begun. It was on his way home from the Ashantee campaign that he had heard of the death of Livingstone, and henceforth the belief grew steadily stronger in his mind that he was destined to carry on the work of the missionary. In his Autobiography now begin to occur expressions indicating a fervor somewhat beyond the usual zeal of the explorer.

But his main aims were still geographical, and there were four principal objectives to be attained:

1. To determine the direction and ultimate mouth of the great river that he and Livingstone had named the Lualaba.

2. To find the true outlet of Lake Tanganyika, on whose shore he had found Livingstone.

3. To map Lake Victoria and determine whether it is one large lake or a cluster of smaller ones.

4. To determine the exact extent and location of Lake Albert.

These were all tasks on which Livingstone had set his heart, and it was their completion that Stanley now conceived as his high destiny.

On November 11, 1874, he left Zanzibar for the second time to blaze his way westward across the continent, this time to stand finally on the shore of the Western Ocean. The trail that led him to the interior was a "footwide path" across plains, over hills, and through jungles. Near the coast game abounded, much of it dangerous, but harder days were to come.

There were 356 natives in the party, and three

whites besides Stanley, Francis and Edward Pocock and Frederick Barker. Beyond Ugogo they came to a sterile country covered with low bushes. Here there was no game for food and little water. For nine days they struggled through it. Five men died of starvation and four others succumbed soon after. At Ituru Edward Pocock broke under the strain of hardship and died. Nowhere is there any hint that Stanley's body or will weakened to the point of even considering the possibility of returning or turning aside. His course was westward, and he held it steadily. Poor Pocock's deathbed was by a lake which Stanley was later to establish as the southernmost waters of the Nile.

Hostile natives now added to his troubles. At Umyata one of his bearers was cut to bits and scattered along the trail. The natives wanted war and, although Stanley had by this time lost twenty men by death and eighty-nine by desertion, and had thirty more on the sick list, he gave them what they wanted. He lost twenty-two in the fighting that followed, but there were no more hostilities in that particular district.

Lake Victoria lies about 720 miles from the coast. Passengers on the railroad now do the distance in less than thirty-six hours. Stanley had taken 104 days, and it had cost the lives of over fifty men, including one white man.

This lake was his first main objective. He had set himself to determine the exact character of it. To this end his black bearers had carried a boat all the long jungle miles from Zanzibar. The sections were a

load for thirty men, and when it was put together it was forty feet in length with a six-foot beam.

Stanley called for volunteer seamen but none offered. Many and quaint were the reasons. One man was helpless from sea-sickness at the mere sight of such great water. Of another it had been prophesied that he would die of drowning, and could he be expected to run such great risk?

Then Stanley applied the draft and so made up his crew of eleven with which he set sail on March 8th. Many and dire were the native prophecies. They told of tribes on shore that wore long tails, of tribes that trained big dogs for use in war, of tribes that preferred human flesh to that of cattle.

Nature conspired with the natives. Hippos and crocodiles appeared in such numbers as threatened to upset the boat. Gales swept down on them accompanied by torrents of rain and hail that almost swamped them.

Of course there were hostile natives, but most of these ran when the white man's boat spread its wings to the wind. The magic of the sail was unknown to them. When that did not suffice, a shot or two from the explorer's pistol was enough to send them scurrying. Only once at this time does he record the necessity of standing off an attack by force.

Even since coming into the country he had heard tales of Mtesa, the Emperor of Uganda. Now he had proof of the existence of that royal personage in the shape of a flotilla of canoes that came to welcome him and lead him to the imperial capital of Rubaga.

He was showered with presents of food, oxen, goats, sheep, fruit, vegetables, eggs, etc., and finally led to the Emperor himself, ruler of 3,000,000 men. Stanley found him interested and intelligent, and in his diary appears this entry: "Talked about many things, principally about Europe and Heaven."

On this expedition he was away from his main camp at Kagebyi fifty-seven days, and on his return he found that Frederick Barker had died of fever and the privations of the earlier stages of the march.

Another savage monarch, the King of Ukerewe, furnished him with canoes to cross the lake. When he got back to Mtesa's country he found that restless ruler deeply engrossed in a war that kept Stanley waiting for several months. During his enforced vacation he occupied himself with a translation of parts of the Bible into the language of Mtesa's people. This bore fruit after the war was over. At Stanley's suggestion Mtesa asked his chiefs for a vote between the white man's and the Arab's religion. The Arabs they knew as pitiless slave raiders and the white man's faults were yet to appear. Stanley was their friend and the friend of their royal master. So it was small wonder that the white man's faith had an overwhelming vote. It was out of this beginning that there grew the great Uganda Mission, the first and greatest in the interior of Equatorial Africa.

That matter having been settled, Mtesa gave Stanley a small escort of 2,300 men. With these he finished his work on Lake Victoria and Tanganyika. When he was through he had added Mt. Gordon Bennett to

the world's list of high mountains, and settled the argument over the two lakes. Victoria he had proved to be a single lake 21,500 square miles in extent. As to the outlet of Tanganyika, he concluded that there was none except in times of high water when it flowed through the Lukuga into the Lualaba. His next problem was the Lualaba.

This was the great question that he and Livingstone had asked in the days of their meeting at Ujiji. They had discussed it many times as Livingstone trekked eastward with him on the way to Unyanyembe. Stanley had asked it again through the Ashantee campaign with Wolseley. Was it part of the Nile system or did it turn west and break through to the Atlantic, a path that no white man had yet followed? Livingstone had dreamed of the day when he should learn the secret of the river. Now Livingstone was dead, and the river sounded its challenge the more insistently in Stanley's ears.

It was a wild as well as an unknown country. First he must travel the 220 miles from Tanganyika to the Lualaba. At the point where he struck the river it was a stream of about 1,400 yards in width. He was now in the country of Tippu-Tib, an Arab chieftain of great power and uncertain reputation. Following down the river he came soon to Tippu-Tib's village of Mwan-Mamba. Here he heard weird tales of what lay below. There were rapids and falls that no man might pass and live. There were great serpents, giant gorillas, leopards, and tribes more savage than any animals.

Abed, the son of Friday, was recommended as an authority on the river. "Tell us what you know of this river," said Stanley.

"Yes, I know all about the river, praise be to God," quoth Abed. "I tell you it flows north and north and north, and there is no end to it."

There were two ways out. Either he might take up the challenge of the river and run the gauntlet of its dangers, real and imaginary, or he could turn south to Katango and down the Zambezi, a route easily followed that would bring them soon to country already familiar to white men.

One way was reasonable safety and a known road. The other was dark and beset with perils at every turn of the trail. Already enough had been written across the map of Africa to insure his fame for the future.

Stanley and his surviving white companion, Francis Pocock, sought to find decision through chance. They tossed a coin, heads north, tails south. Six times in succession it fell tails. Stanley turned to listen to the river and pointed north. That way they went.

It was November 5, 1876, when they started with an escort hired from Tippu-Tib that brought their total force to 700 men. Their starting point was almost the exact center of Africa east and west, 920 miles to the Indian Ocean, 1,097 miles to the Atlantic.

At a village called Nyangwe they left the river and traveled for seventeen days through forest before they came to the river again. There were signs that some of the dire prophesies had sound foundation. One

village that they passed through was decorated with 186 human skulls.

When they took to the river their case was even harder. There was room for only thirty-six in the boat. The rest followed along shore. So they drifted and plodded through the Wenza country. Hostiles were everywhere, and as they advanced the beat of native drums sounded warning of their coming through the jungle ahead of them, "the wildest, weirdest note I ever heard," said Stanley.

At the junction of the Ruiki and the Lualaba the boat halted to wait for the land party. Smallpox now attacked the caravan.

"What a terrible land! Both banks shrouded in tall primeval forests were filled with invisible savage enemies, out of every bush glared eyes flaming with hate, in the stream lurked the crocodiles to feed upon the unfortunates, the air seemed impregnated with the seeds of death."

The wait at the Ruiki was signalized by a three-day fight with the natives which was going not too well when Tippu-Tib appeared with his men and cleared the forest and the river of the hostiles and left Stanley and his people free to go on their way down river. But the fighting was not ended. It began again once Stanley left the Arab's zone of influence, and each bend of the river held fresh possibilities of trouble. It was a case of fighting every step of the way at a time when every day counted.

So far their course had been north, only sixty miles of westing in a journey of four hundred.

The seven cataracts that now bear the name of Stanley Falls consumed twenty-two precious days. They worked like Titans, these whites and blacks, portaging where they must, running the rapids where they dared. Many lives were lost. Francis Pocock, the last of three white men who had marched out with Stanley from Zanzibar, died at Massassa Falls.

Still the great question of the river's ultimate direction was unanswered. Below the falls it turned northwest. Was it to be the Congo? Or the Niger?

Another river the size of the Lualaba joined them, and they found themselves on a stream four miles wide. There were numerous islands now in midstream to give them frequent shelter, but first they must run the gauntlet of a fleet of war canoes that put out from shore. They drove it to flight and landed to wreck a village as a salutary warning.

Hope revived now as they found the river curving westward, then southwestward— "Straight for the mouth of the Congo," noted Stanley in his diary. At the broad reaches of Stanley Pool they marked more than a thousand miles since they began their journey down the Lualaba. But the end was near. There were more rapids and more lives were lost, but it was easy going compared with what had confronted them above. Now Stanley knew that it was the Congo, the fourth greatest river on the globe, that was hurrying them to the sea. The end came August 9, 1877, at Boma, at the Congo's mouth. It was the end, too, of 7,000 miles of travel since November 11 of the year before, 5,000 of them by water.

Stanley had written his name indelibly in history as the first white man to cross the Dark Continent. He had answered all four of the questions that he and Livingstone had asked unceasingly in the long weeks of their association. He had traveled the course of a great river that drained an area of 2,250,000 square miles, a territory equal in size to about five-eighths of the total area of the United States.

Still there was no stopping place for the restless Stanley. He had crossed a savage continent through perils such as few men of his time had faced. He had finished the tasks to which he had set his hand. And now we find the work that he had done only a beginning.

His first thought was of England. The land of his birth had not treated him well, but his hope was to plant the English flag in the land that he had opened. A year and a half he spent in London to no purpose. Perhaps Stanley was too impatient for the slow processes of English colonization. Perhaps his American background and connections harmed him with the politicians at Whitehall. Probably the abrupt reversal that he proposed of the usual English process of trade, the settler, and then the flag was too great a shock for the political mind to stand.

At any rate, Stanley was compelled to cross the channel to Belgium, where he found a willing listener in King Leopold, at that time one of the wealthiest monarchs in Europe. The Comitè d'Etude du Haut Congo (literally, the Committee for the Study of the Upper Congo) was formed, and Stanley went back

to his African battlefield. This time he was empowered to build roads and open stations for trading with the natives. His first laborers were brought around from his old recruiting ground at Zanzibar. Three stations were established in that first year and twenty-eight lives—six of them white—were the price of the year's work. Stanley himself, weakened by his years in the country, bearing a double load of responsibility, and doing the work of three or four men, nearly died of fever at Manyanga.

In spite of fever he stayed in the field until he had built Leopoldville, which he designed to be a model village and the capital of the district. This was in the heart of a territory where only five years before he had been the first white man to break through the barriers of savagery and had literally fought his way down river through hostile tribes. Now these same tribesmen were working under his direction as bearers and builders or bringing in their ivory for trade goods that Stanley's men brought fast on his trail.

But fast as he built, deterioration was no less rapid when his eyes were turned away. Returning from a six weeks' absence in Europe to recuperate from his fever, he found much of his work undone and many of the stations in chaos. Some of his young men were too lax and soon succumbed to the slothful invitation of the tropics. Others were impatient of delay and made the more fatal mistake of trying to hurry natives who had never been hurried except by the lash of the slave driver.

One man was seized with the brilliant idea of turn-

ing the natives into soldiers, so every day he summoned them for drill instead of for paid labor or trade. Stanley found him plunged in bitter wonder over the growing desertion of his district.

New men were brought in to take the places of the hopeless incapables, others were shown their errors and given another chance or shifted to new posts where they could make a fresh start. Those who wished had the chance of a century to learn their new tasks under a past-master in the art of handling natives.

In the course of extending his line of stations to Stanley Falls, Stanley made treaties for territory and sovereignty with more than four hundred native chiefs. Here is the toll of miles from the sea to the farthermost station—first, 110 miles of steaming, then 235 miles of land march, finally 1,070 miles of river navigation till the last whistle blew at Stanley Falls.

The first steamboats that awakened the echoes along the great jungle river were a constant source of wonder and fear to the blacks. Lured by curiosity and then by the chance of trade they soon forgot their fear. The articles they welcomed most were cotton cloth, brass rods (out of which they made armlets and anklets), and trinkets of various kinds. Much of the cloth was of American manufacture, and the common name throughout Central Africa for white cotton cloth is Mericani.

Frequently in dealing with the blacks it was necessary to match guile with guile, and craft with craft. There was a chief at Stanley Pool, one Ngalyum. He had received some $4,500 worth of trade goods and

presents for the privilege of establishing a station at the Pool. After two years he elected to forget the transaction and demanded further payment. To make matters worse, Ngalyum was an interloping slave trader of a particularly offensive sort. He sent word of his coming to Stanley with the further information that he meant to collect, or put the white man out of the country. Stanley hung a big Chinese gong near his tent, and ordered his men to keep out of sight, but near at hand.

The truculent Ngalyum came stalking at the head of his warriors.

"Be warned, Rock-Breaker! Go back before it is too late. Go back, I say, the way you came."

The gong caught his eye and he demanded its purpose. Stanley replied briefly that it was a war fetish. "The slightest sound of that would fill this empty camp with hundreds of angry warriors; they would drop from above; they would spring up from the ground, from the forest about, from everywhere."

Ngalyum was skeptical, and Stanley beat a tattoo on the gong. Immediately his men leaped out, down from the trees, out from wagons, from behind bales of cloth, out of the deep grass. Ngalyum's warriors fled in panic while that doughty chieftain and his son clung to Stanley's coattails and begged for protection.

A great obstacle to Stanley's progress was the slave trade in which the Arabs were the leaders. It had been estimated that at the time of his first trip through the Congo country at least a million lives a year were lost in inter-tribal wars and slave-raiding. This estimate

is probably over the fact, but it was undoubtedly enormous. The natives, crafty and shrewd in their own way, were slow to learn the ways of the white man, especially when their teacher was brusque and dictatorial. The first man in charge at Stanley Falls paid with his life for his failure to understand the native mind and the necessity for cautious diplomacy. Stupidity cursed each step of the work. One black in Stanley's bodyguard never could learn which to put first into his musket, the powder or the ball. Another had been instructed to seize the grass along the bank while drifting down a swift stream in a canoe. At the command "Hold hard, Kirango," he sprang out of the canoe and seized the grass with both hands, letting the canoe go its way. Still another had evidently failed to read a well-known parody on Yankee Doodle. At any rate, ordered to cut a branch off a tree, he clambered out and carefully "sawed between the tree and him."

Through all this tangle of confusion, of ignorance and stupidity and wrong-headedness, Stanley held his course, depressed and discouraged often, but never quite to the point of despair. The vision he had seen as he and Livingstone talked for long hours of what Africa might one day be always came back to light him on his way. The natives called him Bula-Matari—Breaker of Rocks—with good reason.

By 1884, seven years after he had first blazed his way down the Congo, he was able to declare the work of founding the Congo Free State practically finished. His Governor of the Lower Congo was to have been

Gordon, soldier in the Crimea, head of the Chinese Imperial Army, British Colonial administrator. The cards fell differently, however, and Gordon went to Khartoum in Upper Egypt, where he was soon to die defending the city against thousands of Sudanese.

The first recognition of the Congo Free State came from Stanley's adopted country, the United States of America, in April, 1884. Hard upon the heels of this gratifying announcement came a conference at Berlin in which most of the European Governments accepted the new state as a fact, and at the same time treated themselves to an orgy of land-grabbing in Africa. This was the other side of the shield in the development of Africa and an element that had had no place in the dreams of Stanley and Livingstone.

The end of Stanley's active field work in Africa was approaching, but the tragedy of Gordon at Khartoum set for him one of the hardest tasks he had yet faced. This disaster endangered all the work that white men had done in the Nile region and spread unrest through all the country. In the fever of development that had preceded this, a great province had been created on the extreme Upper Nile called Equatoria. Emin Pasha was Governor, a man with supposedly great ability and high reputation, but marked by a tragic futility when the supreme test came.

While England was aghast at the news from Khartoum word came out by native runners from Emin that he was besieged and in grave peril at Wadelai, north of Lake Albert. It was a job for a strong man if he

was to be reached, and Stanley undertook it. The date was early in 1887.

The route lay up the Congo, although the force was recruited in Zanzibar. It was 540 miles from Zambuya, then the head of navigation, to Lake Albert, and the whole way led through unknown country. The force advanced in two columns with Stanley in charge of the leading force, four other Europeans and 384 natives under him.

At first it was merely tedious, cutting their way through dense jungle. After the first month it was a tale of trouble, fever, hunger, fatigue, fear. By the time they had passed out of the slave-raiding zone, 137 days from Zambuya, 180 men had been lost from death and desertion.

The days that followed were spent in vain searching for Emin, in blind wandering, and in tireless effort. A hundred and sixty-nine days through a grass country filled with game brought them to the appointed rendezvous with Emin on Lake Albert. But there was no sight or sign of the beleaguered governor. Back they marched twenty-one days to the village of Ibwiri where they built Fort Bodo to serve as a fortified base.

Here they picked up a sectional steel boat which had been left on the first march because of lack of carriers. Back again to Lake Albert. This time there was a letter from Emin at the village of Kavalli.

After more waiting Emin himself appeared. Still nothing was done. Stanley waited twenty-five days while Emin considered and debated and postponed. Even Welsh patience had its limits, and Stanley went

back to Fort Bodo without Emin, thinking to meet his own rear column there. More disappointment. Nothing had been heard of them. It was as though the jungle had swallowed them up.

Leaving the other Europeans at Fort Bodo, Stanley set out with picked natives on the back trail. The remnants of the column he found at Banalza, only ninety miles east of Zambuya, the starting point. The major in charge had been shot by some people of Tippu-Tib, Stanley's Arab friend of early Lualaba days. Another white officer had gone back to Stanley Falls for more carriers, and the rest of the Europeans, broken by the climate, were fit only to be invalided home. Out of an original force of 260 natives, 158 were dead, and the rest were worse than useless.

Tireless in spite of all obstacles, Stanley organized a fresh force of 500 men and started again for Fort Bodo. This time his way led through the country of the pigmies. He had heard of them often and perhaps seen a few, but never before had he been in their country. They were pigmies, indeed. The tallest man seen by the explorer was only four feet six inches in height. The average was around four feet two inches, and many women were no more than three feet.

From the time he left Fort Bodo until he returned again five days before Christmas in 1888 he had spent 188 days on the trail and at the work of reorganizing the column. Emin was still of many minds, and wasted much time in vague debate and in panicky tales of the revolt that he seemed to see hovering over him constantly. Evidently Khartoum had got on Emin's

nerves and his fears urged him to leave at once under Stanley's protection. But pride or some other emotion urged him to stay and defend his province of Equatoria.

Finally Stanley's patience came to an end and he started for the East Coast, taking Emin and a thousand of Emin's people with him. Again he was passing through new country. It was a land of high mountains. Many whites had been near the Ruwenzori range. Stanley was the first to see and report their great bulk towering 18,000 feet into the air with the last 3,000 covered with perpetual snow. These were the half-mythical Mountains of the Moon that were finally explored by the Duke of the Abruzzi about 1907.

He also located Lake Albert Edward, the fabled Sea of Darkness of which Herodotus had heard 400 years before the birth of Christ. The long trek came to an end at Bagamayo on the shore of the Indian Ocean, December 4, 1889. Nearly three years had elapsed since the start of this third great African trip and the one that was to be his last.

A tragic footnote should be added on Emin Pasha. Stanley quarreled violently with him after their arrival at the coast and reported that he had discovered that Emin, supposedly in the service of England, was really in the pay of Germany. Afterwards he wandered off into the Great Forest in the direction of Stanley Falls. Here he fell in with Ismaili, a deserter from Stanley, and Säid Bin-Abed. The latter was a kinsman of Arabs whom Emin was accused of having drowned in

Lake Victoria. At Säid's order the renegade Ismaili bound Emin and beheaded him, an inglorious enough end for the man who had been the ambitious ruler of a great province.

This was the last of Stanley's African wanderings. He had crossed the continent twice and had unlocked its dark secrets. He had cleared away the doubts around the location of four lakes, had traced the course of one of the mightiest rivers on the globe, the Congo, and discovered the true source of another, the Nile. He had given a definiteness to vague rumors about lofty mountains and dark forests. He had settled forever the question of the existence of pigmies, and he had made treaties of trade and sovereignty with savage tribes who had known no white man before he came.

He had laid the foundation for an equatorial empire which is today one of the chief assets of little Belgium whose King saw with almost as bold a vision as Stanley. Abuses there were in the administration of the Congo Free State—none of them, however, to be laid at Stanley's door—but when he passed the work of the slave-raider ceased and tribal wars became less and less frequent. He was a hard driver, but he drove himself always the hardest. He was a white man with a white man's vision and ambition, but he dealt fairly with the blacks. He kept his word and they trusted as well as feared him.

The last fifteen years of his life were far from lazy, but the adventuring ended at Bagamayo in 1889. Once again he saw Africa. This was just before the South

Africa war in 1897 when he was the chief orator at the opening of the railway from Cape Colony to Buluwayo. This time also he saw Victoria Falls in the Zambezi, a cataract that he might have seen twenty years before had he decided to go south instead of north down the Lualaba.

Marriage, a brief political career, the quiet life of an English country home were to be his before he died in 1904. Bula-Matari—Breaker of Rocks—the natives called him, and it was a better name than they knew. From the days of St. Asaph's workhouse, where he beat the superintendent at his own rough game, to the day when he delivered Emin Pasha safe on the shores of the Indian Ocean, he was a breaker of rocks that blocked his way. And the greatest rock of all was the flinty heart of Africa.

II

CHINESE GORDON, SOLDIER AND MARTYR

From the beginnings of Scottish history the name of Gordon has been associated with fighting. It was a bold clan and a busy one. Before the days of the Union of England and Scotland they fought with the foremost against the hatred Southron. Doubtless they accepted the alliance with as good grace as they could muster, with some regret for the passing of the old days of slaughter along the border, but having gone over to the English side with the Stuarts, they found it hard to change again to order. At least we find it recorded that four Gordons were executed at Market Cross in Edinburgh for the Young Pretender when the uprising failed in 1715. That was the day when Scotchmen could be found fighting under every flag but their own. Four Gordons had already won high rank under Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden. One was high in the service of Peter the Great in Russia. Holland had a regiment officered entirely by Scotchmen. There were eleven Gordons named among the chieftains who failed at Culloden and two were executed after the battle. Four who had fled into exile were specifically exempted from the Act of Indemnity when England recovered from the delirium of blood that succeeded Culloden.

So much is necessary to throw the shadow of the Gordon name forward over Charles Gordon, who was to be known better as Chinese Gordon. To know his fighting ancestry is to know something of the force that drove him forward all his life and also to know something of the rebellious spirit that more than once made him a thorn in the side of the orderly bureau chiefs in London. He was born in the army and trained to arms. His father was Gen. H. W. Gordon of the Royal Artillery, and he was educated at Taunton School and the Royal Military Academy.

When the Crimean war broke out he had been a second lieutenant in the Royal Engineers less than three years, and this was his first taste of active service. Little need be said about his career in the Crimea. His part was small, and the English performance as a whole inglorious and wasteful of men and materials. Gordon took part in the attack on the Redan, an important Russian fort, and the kindest thing is to say merely that the attack failed. He had numerous tours of duty in the trenches, in one period of three months having been forty times in the front lines for twenty hours each time. He had little sympathy with fighting of this kind and no great ability to work agreeably with other men in a subordinate capacity. Yet the Gordon blood had its voice in him too. After the fall of Sebastopol he was set to work blowing up docks, warehouses, arsenals, and other works around the harbor. At this time he wrote home to his sister, his faithful correspondent his life long: "I expect to remain abroad for three or four years,

which individually I would sooner spend in war than in peace. There is something indescribably exciting in the former."

He nearly had his wish, although his war was with storm and desert and privation. After his work at Sebastopol he was sent to Bessarabia, the region between the Danube and Dniester, now a part of Roumania, to mark out the new frontier. It was one of the numberless futile attempts to determine something that would not stay determined. He had a year of this, and then orders came to go down beyond the Caspian Sea and take charge of the work of laying out the new boundary between Russia and Turkey in Asia. It was a wild and a savage land in which he traveled from May to October. His Turkish companion had not been provided with funds by his government so he levied in true Turk fashion on passing caravans for horses and mules and supplies. Gordon traveled and camped with wild Kurds, visited Ani, the old capital of Armenia, now a mass of ruins clinging to a mountain side in a desert land, and climbed almost to the top of Ararat, a feat that has been accomplished by few Europeans even to this day. One outstanding incident of these months was a visit to Lazistan, the chief slave market for Constantinople. It was his first contact with the institution that was later to cause him anxious days and sleepless nights in Egypt.

When he returned to England in November, 1857, he had seen enough of war and privation, pestilence and famine, to be entitled to call himself a veteran. He had rubbed shoulders with the oldest peoples of

earth and the newest, he had seen the desert sand blowing over the seat of civilizations that were old before recorded history began. He had filled his mind full of the tumults and disorders and dangers of the Near East in which he was to be in some way involved during most of his life, and which we have not seen settled or greatly abated even in our own time. During a second tour of this boundary work between Russia and Turkey he lashed out over the constant friction between the alien races under his command, and wrote to his sister this characteristic comment: "I am pretty tired of my post of peacemaker, for which I am naturally not well adapted." Never did a Gordon write a truer word.

All these were incidents, a prelude to the work that he entered upon in 1860. Out in China there was trouble brewing, and war had been declared by England. It is wise here to center our vision on Gordon rather than on his government. From the standpoint of the English the war itself and some of the phases of the conduct of it were anything but creditable. In the earlier stages he was in the north and took part in the capture of Peking, and was present at the sacking of the Summer Palace, a feat that might well have been performed by barbarians but is hard to believe of Europeans. In this northern campaign he seems to have borne a purely subordinate part, and the thing that interested him most was his visit to the Great Wall of China, two hundred miles northwest of Peking. This barrier, built as a defense against the Tartars two thousand years ago, stretches fifteen hundred miles in

length, over mountain ranges, across rivers, through bleak deserts. In Gordon's time it was a country infested with brigands where the foreigner rode daily with his life in his hands.

This was a time of great unrest and anti-foreign feeling in China, and there was an active rebellion in progress in the south that was beginning to threaten the European settlement at Shanghai. The Taiping rebellion had begun in 1850 as an anti-foreign, almost a religious, movement. As it spread it lost its religious and most of its patriotic character and became largely a campaign for loot. The leader was one Hung Sin Tsuan who had taken the title of Tien Wang, or Heavenly King. City after city had fallen into his hands. Nanking, a large and flourishing center, had been taken and made the Taiping capital, and the rebels' eyes were fixed on Shanghai, a rich prize for looting. The Europeans in Shanghai had become alarmed for their safety and had raised an army of their own, a private army, in fact. The commander was Frederick Townsend Ward, an American. Under Ward this nondescript army won ground against the rebels and acquired the title of the Ever-Victorious. It was Ward's lot to give the Chinese soldiers in his force a taste of that rare experience to Chinese, a victory in arms.

The fighting in the north being long since finished, Gordon's superior, General Stuveley, was ordered to Shanghai and Gordon perforce went with him. Now he steps out of the crowd for the first time. Ward was killed in battle and his successor, Burgevine, an

American with an early Civil War record and a bad temper, soon quarreled with Li Hung Chang, then Governor of Kiang-su. Gordon was put in command of the Ever-Victorious Army in 1863, and then began the kind of fighting that was always dear to his heart. Though an engineer officer, he must some time have taken lessons in cavalry tactics. At any rate, the essence of his plan of action was speed. It was this element of surprise that gained him his victories against the Chinese rebels.

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The fighting was over a flat land gridironed with canals and rivers. The movement of troops was doubly difficult, and the difficulties increased with each success. The Chinese could not understand the necessity of marching to another attack immediately after the one that they had won. They wanted time to celebrate, time to loaf and gamble away their winnings, time to rest and recount their triumphs. This foreign devil who drove them from battle to battle and from siege to siege, what did he think they were made of? He seems to have annoyed his own men almost as much as he did the enemy. He relieved Chan-su, which was surrounded by the rebels, and then captured the large city of Suchow by the simple expedient of marching around and attacking in the least likely and therefore the weakest place.

At this stage he quarreled with Li Hung Chang because the latter ordered the beheading of the rebel leaders who had surrendered on Gordon's promise that their lives would be spared. This breach was healed. There was short shrift for the towns that

remained in the hands of the rebels. Chanchufu fell in May and then Tien Wang committed suicide. Nanking, the capital, fell soon after, and the rebellion was over.

After the capture of Suchow and again at the end of the rebellion, Gordon twice refused a large gift of gold offered by the Emperor of China. Then there was conferred upon him the grade of Titu, the highest rank in the Chinese army, and he received also the order of the Yellow Jacket, the highest decoration. This order made him one of the chosen twenty of the Emperor's bodyguard. It also entitled him to wear the Mandarin's hat, although he resented the gold button that it bore. "They can not afford it over well," he writes. His own government made him a lieutenant colonel for his work in China, and the world gave him the name of Chinese Gordon.

Then his government landed him at Gravesend, below London, in charge of the erection of the forts on the Thames, and proceeded to forget him for the next six years. England was busy in many parts of the world, but she had no better post for this energetic and often peppery servant of hers.

His work for the government apparently gave him abundant leisure for other things. It was a poor section of the city and there was great need for the sort of active, fiery sympathy that a Gordon could supply. The sea was at hand and he busied himself with the boys of the district, finding them places on board ship and sending them forth to all the ports of the world. On the wall of his study hung a great map on which

the positions of his "kings," as he called them, were marked with pins. As word came back from the Seven Seas the pins moved here and there till the map was dotted with the boys that he had picked from the gutter and set on their feet.

The question of boundaries that had followed the Crimean War was still a vexing one, and he was sent out to the Danube in 1871 as a member of the British commission to determine navigation rights on that river. It was on this trip that the shadow of Egypt fell across him. In Constantinople he met Nubar Pasha, the Prime Minister of Egypt, and was invited to take over the job of settling the muttering tribes of the upper Nile country. Even then the storm center was Khartoum, later to be linked with Gordon's name in tragic memory. Khartoum lies at the junction of the Blue and the White Nile eighteen hundred miles south of Cairo. Its name means the Elephant's Trunk, from the shape of the long, low spit of land on which it lies.

The hold of the Egyptian government on the wandering tribes of this section had always been of the slenderest. Where the Egyptian boundaries marched with the Abyssinian, war was always just around the corner, and raiding back and forth across the line was the most popular sport. The principal article of commerce was slaves, black ivory as the poor chattels were called. The country was a vast, sandy waste with a narrow ribbon of fertility where the Nile stretched its crooked length, and little dots of green here and there where well or waterhole provided relief

from the thirst that every tribesman knew as his almost daily portion.

Above Khartoum a subordinate province had been established under the name of Equatoria of which Sir Samuel Baker, a celebrated African hunter and explorer, was governor. A year after his meeting with Nubar at Constantinople, Gordon received an offer of the headship of this province from the Khedive to succeed Baker. When he reached Khartoum in 1874 news had just come down that the "sud," a mass of floating vegetation that obstructed boat travel in the upper Nile, had broken up and the way was clear to Gondokoro, a thousand miles above Khartoum. It was twenty-six weary days of upstream work that brought Gordon to this province of Equatoria, through a land of nakedness, stripped by the slaver. Read two sentences from a letter to his sister from Gondokoro: "The only possessions Egypt has in my province are two forts, one here at Gondokoro, the other at Fatekoko; there are three hundred men in one, and two hundred in the other. You can't go out in any safety half a mile."

From the beginning it was a story of support that always failed, of plans that could not be put through for lack of adequate assistance. Ismail Yacoob, then the governor of Khartoum, forgot Gordon almost as soon as his boats were out of sight, and it was necessary to travel the long thousand miles back to Khartoum to remind that personage that there was a governor in Equatoria who, whatever else his shortcomings, was not to be overlooked. His staff sickened in the autumn

rains, and by Christmas only one out of the eight was fit for service. In desperation he hired Abou Säid as lieutenant, and learned much from him, including something in the native art of serving two, or a dozen, masters at one and the same time. He considered whether to reward Abou for his service or kill him for his treachery, and finally let him go unharmed, only to suffer moments of regret afterwards. A line of stations was planned from Khartoum to the Great Lakes, and steamers were brought up in sections to navigate Lake Albert. This was a long struggle with rapids, natives, heat, fever, and despair. Tall jungle grass shrouded the river. By day the heat beat down relentlessly, and by night the damp rose out of the drenched ground to shake them with chill. "A dead, mournful spot, with a heavy damp dew penetrating everything. It is as if the Angel Azrael had spread his wings over this land."

The upper part of the river and Lake Albert were mapped, and a route was proposed from Mombasa on the shore of the Indian Ocean to the interior and the abandonment of the attempt to maintain connections by the Upper Nile. Col. Long, an American, went on a mission to King Mtesa of Uganda, and reported a practicable route through a rich fertile country. Sheikh Beddar of the Bari tribe opposed their passage, and it was necessary to levy tribute to the tune of twenty-six hundred cattle. Unfortunately they found that the cattle belonged to a friendly tribe and it was equally necessary to return them. Out of his experiences in this land Gordon was moved to fulminate against the

customary ways of the white man with the native. "They weigh the actions of ignorant natives after their own code; they act toward the native after the natives' code, which recognizes the right of the stronger to pillage his neighbor. Oh! I am sick of these people. It is they, and not the blacks, who need civilization." This was the spirit of Gordon speaking. When the need came he, too, could strike with a heavy hand.

The end of that year saw also the end of Gordon's patience with his new post, and on his way back to London. He had delivered his ultimatum to the Khedive, apparently without effect. England was just then indulging in an orgy of colonial aggressiveness, Quetta, the Transvaal, Syria, Egypt. Gordon found himself out of touch and out of sympathy with this highly energized, highly commercialized process of exploitation, and sought to resign from the Egyptian service. The Khedive urged him to return and finally, after the fashion of Orientals, offered the thing that he had refused to grant at Gordon's demand, namely, the governorship of the whole Soudan.

It was one of the rare occasions of high tide in the Egyptian treasury. The government had sold Suez Canal bonds to England for four million pounds sterling and immediately decided to use these funds for a war of looting and land-grabbing against Abyssinia. Unfortunately, while Egypt had the money the Abyssinians had the fighting men, and the loot for the black mountaineers was great. So much gold fell into the hands of the victors that they believed it counterfeit,

and the spectacle was seen of Abyssinian soldiers trading thirty gold sovereigns for a few pieces of silver.

Gordon landed at Massowah on the Red Sea close on the heels of this disaster and found the whole district seething with incipient rebellion. Egyptian prestige had suffered a heavy blow, and the magic of Cairo was sadly dimmed. The slavers of Darfour had risen and the new governor found himself squarely against the necessity of fighting slavery not as an evil but as a positive menace to his power and the foundation of a political force. He was at Khartoum only two weeks, but long enough to disband the Bashi-Bazouks, as the disreputable palace guards were called, to set a petition box at the palace door, and to order the money paid to clerks as baksheesh, or bribes, to be turned into the treasury.

Then he set his face westward toward Darfour. In less than three weeks he covered four hundred miles on camel back. During the greater part of the time he outran his escort and his only companion was an Arab Sheikh. Even in that empty land where news travels almost with the speed of the telegraph his coming followed hard upon the heels of the rumor that he was on his way. It was the story of China over again. Fast as his troops overtook him he struck and struck again. The wells were the keys to that dry land and he seized and held them. He freed the slaves and trained them as soldiers. The first phase of the revolt, that against the government, he soon suppressed, and then turned his attention to the slave kings. Here he had the sympathy of the people with him, but they

had known the yoke of the oppressor so long that they were poor material for soldiers. "Three hundred determined men would send them rushing to my house," says Gordon, and there were three thousand slavers at Dara to the south of Darfour where he struck first. Gordon, a "single, red-faced man on a camel ornamented with flies," arrived, delivered his ultimatum, "disarm and go home," and won. The bold stroke had succeeded. The next step was a hundred and eighty miles in six days to Shaka, headquarters of the slavers, to receive their submission. "Shaka is the cave of Adullam; all murderers, robbers, etc., assembled there, and thence made raids upon the negro tribes for slaves."

Again the bold game won, and he struck straight for El Obeid in Kordofan, across three hundred and eighty miles of misery. Again he won. And now the supreme tragedy became manifest. Everywhere he had won and nowhere had success remained. The slaver followed close at his heels and the trade sprang up again almost as soon as the dust from his camel's hoofs had died on the horizon. It was the only trade in that forlorn land and it was more than one man could do to change a practice of centuries. Gordon knew it now, but he kept on. On the road to Shaka he wrote: "Find me the man and I will take him as my help, who utterly despises money, name, glory, honor; one who never wishes to see his home again; one who looks to God as the source of good and the controller of evil; one who has a healthy body and energetic spirit, and who looks on death as a release from misery; and if

you cannot find him then leave me alone. To carry myself is enough for me—I want no other baggage."

There was no time or place in Gordon's life these days for the ordinary courtesies and observances of official life. Financial clouds were thickening around the Khedive's head. Interest on the Egyptian bonds held in Europe was in arrears. The four million pounds that had come into the Treasury from the sale of the canal bonds had been thrown away along the Abyssinian border and there was no money left. Gordon cut his salary in half to convince the government of his sincerity, but there was no interest in such self-sacrifice at Cairo. Summoned to a conference, he strode into the Khedive's palace as he arrived from his long journey, dirty and bedraggled. The Khedive gave him the place of honor at his right hand, but the foreign representatives snubbed him, and he stood around the palace ill at ease and friendless. This man was more at home on the back of a racing camel riding across the desert to overawe the slave kings than in the midst of European intrigue. He walked out of the palace and made his way back to Khartoum.

Here the tangle was growing worse. The year before he had begun the railroad from Wadi Halfa to Dongola, a work that would have meant much a few years later if it could have been completed. But the tragedy of this futile effort was that nothing was ever finished. A false rumor of war with Abyssinia had called him away and he was fated not to return.

Now there was war threatened in two or three quarters, and Gordon had no money with which to fight.

There were times when he, the governor of all Soudan, was hard put to it to find fifty pounds. At the head of the White Nile was the province of Bahr el Gazelle. The greatest chieftain of the province, Zebehr Rahma (or Pasha), the ablest Arab of the century, had dreamed a dream of a native empire. Enticed to Cairo on promises of safe conduct, two years before, he was still there a prisoner in spite of the promises. His son Suleiman had started a revolt, and Gordon took the field to help his lieutenant Gessi. The revolt was crushed, but the army was half-naked and unpaid. The problem of slavery still remained, and skulls lined the caravan trails. Gordon rode fast in every direction, fighting, freeing, feeding; but misery and unrest traveled faster. In May of 1878 he covered 630 miles by camel.

Ismail, the Khedive at Cairo, who had trusted Gordon more than he trusted anyone else, and probably more than anyone else in that day of intrigue and jealousy trusted Gordon, had reached the end of his tether and news came up the Nile that he had been deposed in favor of his nephew Tewfik. To Gordon now fell the task of conciliating Ras Aloula of Abyssinia. This journey took him into the mountains where the Egyptian army had been cut to pieces three years before and then twenty-four days farther over terrible mountain trails. And at the end of the trail was Johannes, king of Abyssinia, with the ultimatum that there could be no peace until the lands wrested from Abyssinia seven hundred years before had been restored.

Memories live long among mountain people and Gordon gave up in despair, made his way out, and resigned.

The next three years are hard to trace. It was a period of vacillation and contradiction. Gordon was out of touch and sympathy with affairs in England and seems hardly to have known his own mind two weeks on end. Lord Ripon was going out to India as viceroy and Gordon in an insane moment accepted the post as his secretary. There is no other way to characterize the mood of this savage man straight from wild work in barbarous lands who thought he could settle down to tame routine work under a bureau-trained executive. He lasted exactly three days after reaching India, and applied for leave to go to China where war was threatening with Russia. Leave was refused and he resigned by cable, throwing over his pension equity which by that time amounted to about six thousand pounds. He wanted to go to China and he went—on borrowed money. It was the fate of Gordon to be misunderstood and distrusted by his own race and kind, but to carry weight with the tottering governments of earth. Apparently his blunt directness was a welcome relief from the indirection and suavity of Orientals but an annoyance and an offense at home.

In Peking he stood before the Council of Ministers and warned them that war with Russia would be "idiocy." The interpreter refused to translate the objectionable word and Gordon knew enough Chinese to detect the omission. Seizing an Anglo-Chinese dictionary he opened it at the word and shoved it under their noses. Apparently their belief in him outweighed

any resentment over his plain speech. At any rate after Gordon came there was no more talk of war with Russia. In the meantime his own country remained indifferent. His leave was cancelled—it was a small matter to the War Office that it had never been granted—his resignation was refused, and he was left to loaf around England at loose ends without assignment or occupation.

There was a brief tour in Mauritius where there was less than nothing to do. And then in 1882 he was called to South Africa to help in treating with the Basutos. Here he found a native war that was the result of a form of practical joking that the Basutos were naturally unable to appreciate. In the early days of the mining industry in South Africa they had been hired to work in the mines. By the consent of the government they had been paid in guns and ammunition rather than in other goods or money. Then the government awakened to the fact that the natives were being rather too heavily armed and an order went forth to them to turn in all their arms forthwith. While Gordon was treating with the chief, the government started a military expedition in the field and he threw up his task and returned to England.

The time was growing short now and he had but a few months left for archeological study in Palestine, which he had long contemplated. Then the last call came for action in the Soudan. The district was to be evacuated, and a peaceful government was to be set up in the stead of the feeble, tottering image that Egypt had maintained. Just how that paradox was

to be accomplished his instructions did not indicate, nor even how the apparently simple feat of evacuation was to be carried out. There was no support for him at Cairo and no troops to guard the line of retreat. Since he was last at Khartoum a monk from the island of Abba in the Nile, Mahomet Achma, had announced himself as the Mahdi, the legitimate descendant of the prophet, and raised the green banner of Mohammedan rule. The tribes flocked to him and Khartoum was already in danger when Gordon arrived there in February, 1884.

There were eighteen hundred miles of river and desert between him and Cairo and six cataracts in the Nile that must be passed on the way. There was little enough time to do the work if it had been begun at once, and England hesitated. To be sure there was fighting around Suakim and a useless slaughter of Arabs at Tamai which served only to infuriate the Mahdi's forces. Berber fell in April, and hope fell with it. It was the beginning of the end, but Gordon held on. The issue was clear. He could only wait and look for the help that he doubted would come. He was cut off from Cairo practically from the day he reached Khartoum.

Little is known of the first six months of the siege. His journal which was recovered in part is a strange mixture of notes of events and religious reflections. The belief grew in his mind that he had been selected as the atonement for the sins of England in the Soudan. Again he resents the idea that an expedition is being formed to rescue him. "I am not the rescued

lamb and I will not be." At another time he wrote, "I have the strongest suspicion that these tales of troops at Dongola and Meroe are all gas-works and that if you wanted to find Her Majesty's forces you would have to go to Shepheard's Hotel in Cairo."

But the time was not passed in watching and repining. There were 60,000 people in Khartoum at the beginning of the siege and they had to be fed. There were traitors among them and they had to be found out and dealt with. Even the clerks in the palace failed him, but he held on. After one pitched battle in which the defenders were beaten, the leaders, Säid and Hassan, were tried and executed as traitors. With the rising of the Nile in September came the great chance of relief, and the steamer *Abbas* was sent down stream with Gordon's white aids, Stewart and Power, and Harbin, the French consul, and eighteen Greeks went with her. The *Abbas* was destroyed a short way below the city and out of the sands along the shore, months after, the relief force picked mute, scattered evidence of the disaster. A bit of nameless diary found here told one story of Gordon. Before the steamer left he had gone in to the bazaars and bought hundreds of yards of cotton cloth. Dyeing this an earth color, he stretched it in long, sloping lines to make it appear at a distance like earthworks that the besieged had thrown up for the defense of the city. The material out of which he had constantly to rebuild his army was the dregs and scrapings of the force that had been beaten steadily for four years. Spies were everywhere, and he matched them with other spies. In addition he corresponded con-

stantly with the Arab chiefs, striving to overcome the influence of the Mahdi.

It was not until September that the boats for the ascent of the Nile were sent out from England, and at the end of the month Gordon heard that relief was under way and sent armed steamers to Metemma to wait for them. It was after this that a messenger came through from down river with a dispatch from an official in Cairo demanding to be "informed exactly when he expects to be in difficulties as to provisions and ammunition." Gordon might have answered "since the siege began." On October 21, the Arab New Year, 1302, the Mahdi appeared before Khartoum, and Gordon learned for the first time of the loss of the *Abbas* nearly two months before. On the first of November food was down to six weeks' supply on short rations, and the relief force was still at Wadi Halfa, 500 miles away, as the crow flies, with five Nile cataracts between and the bleak stretches of the Nubian and the Bayuda deserts to be crossed if they forsook the river.

In the middle of December the curtain shut down. That was the date of Gordon's farewell message and the last word to get through to the outside world. His dispatch contained also a careful itemizing of all his debts, and a request that they be charged against whatever pension or back pay was due him. There were only 14,000 left in the city out of the 60,000 at the beginning of the year, and desertions were daily occurrences. And still he held—held for forty-three days.

The last chapter was written in the early morning of

January 26. Two days later two steamers loaded with soldiers under the command of Sir Charles Wilson came in sight of the city only to be greeted by hostile fire. No flag flew from the palace roof, and there was no word of Gordon. Piece by piece the information came out that in the dim, hot January dawn the Mahdi's men had rushed the gates and stormed through the streets to intercept Gordon on his way to the Church of the Austrian Mission which had been selected on account of its thick walls and small windows as the place for the last stand. About twenty of his men died with him, the feeble shadow of the army that Egypt and England, his mother country, had promised him. The evacuation of the Soudan had been completed and Gordon's task was done.

There followed long discussions of right and wrong. There were parliamentary inquiries, newspaper campaigns, accusation and denial, glorification of Gordon and charges of treachery against the men who failed to support him. A queer, half-knightly, half-rebel soul himself, he had doubtless more than once antagonized those whose help he should have sought, often demanded authority for himself while refusing to recognize it in others. But in this last great stand at Khartoum he had tried with all the strength that was in him to do the work that he had been sent to do, and those who sent him stood and watched him die. On that point the record is clear.

In him was much of the spirit of his seventeenth century Highland ancestry, cold courage in battle, hot anger at a slight, real or fancied, to himself, fanatic

devotion to something that he himself could only partly describe, fidelity to a charge coupled with deep resentment at any interference with his own chosen way of pursuing that fidelity. That was Chinese Gordon, faithful servant of England whom few English ever knew or loved. Even in the loud outcry that followed his death there was more of political animosity against the administration that permitted his betrayal than there was of devotion to the man betrayed.

News came ten years later that Kitchener had scattered the forces of the Mahdi at Omdurman and brought to an end the years of chaos in the Soudan. That night thousands of Londoners crowded around Gordon's statue cheering and singing and some one chalked on the pedestal "Revenged at last." If the spirit of Gordon saw it and smiled it was a smile of irony and bitter recollection.

III

BURNHAM, THE LAST OF THE SCOUTS

Major Frederick Russell Burnham came by his scouting proclivities honestly and early. When he was born on the Reservation of the Winnebago Indians at Tivoli, Minnesota, in 1861, that country was still Indian country, and settlers held their claims at the almost constant risk of their lives. It was fifteen years before the battle of the Little Big Horn that brought death and undying fame to General Custer and threatened all the Western country with a red uprising.

He was still a babe in arms when Red Cloud burned New Ulm near Tivoli and all through the terrors of one flaming night he was hidden from the Indians under a shock of corn. His father was a missionary and when young Burnham was nine years old the family migrated to Los Angeles, then little more than a thriving village. His father lived only a short time after the California translation, and a part at least of the burden of supporting his mother was thrown on the shoulders of this eleven-year-old boy. His first definite job was as a mounted messenger carrying telegrams from Los Angeles to outlying districts. Eleven hours was a fair day's work and he kept a string of four horses busy. "It was this riding that stunted my growth," the little Major told me. It may have checked

his height, but he carries the body of a big man, round full chest and broad shoulders. His quiet, keen, blue eyes with their friendly twinkle are an eloquent index of the character of the man.

Before he was grown he had been and done more things than fall to the lot of most of us during our lives. As a hunter, guide, bullion guard, deputy sheriff, prospector, he saw much of Arizona, New Mexico, northern Old Mexico, and California. There was a brief interval of study in the East when he was seventeen, but the old settlements were no place for him.

Back in the Southwest again there was a hectic period for fifteen years during which he knew something of most of the growing pains of that new old land. County seat wars, fights between rustlers and cattle outfits, bandit hunts, he took part in them all. At one time when he was deputy sheriff it was necessary for political reasons for him to absent himself from the county seat and to be able at the same time to account afterwards for his whereabouts on each day of his absence. The reason for the maneuver does not now matter. He was without a horse and traveled on foot and mostly at a jog trot. At stated points, ranchhouses, lone telegraph stations, miner's shacks, he recorded his call, with the date, the hour, and his signature. Afterwards when called to testify he described his course, and it was stated with triumphant positiveness by the opposition that no human being, Indian or White, could have covered that amount of ground in the time given. The records with Burham's signature settled the matter.

This careful preparation of the case in advance was characteristic of the man even from the beginning. It was the scout speaking in him. He had been an occasional smoker. He gave it up because he discovered that it impaired his sense of smell. He developed the art of looking sidewise without turning his head until he acquired an angle of vision many degrees wider than that of the average man. He trained his eyes to such good purpose that later the Kaffirs in South Africa were to declare that here was a man who could see in the dark. He worked habitually and steadily at marksmanship until he became past master of the art on which his life might at any moment depend. Apropos of this, Richard Harding Davis, the novelist, once asked him if he could shoot to the rear from a galloping horse and hit a man pursuing him. "Well," Major Burham responded, "maybe not to hit him, but I can come near enough to make him decide that my pony is so much faster than his that it really isn't worth while to follow me."

In his experiences with the Apaches, he learned something of the skill of these wily fighters in hiding themselves on the open prairie that was to stand him in good stead in later days in South Africa. Early in his Southwestern experience he came under the tutelage of an old scout whose teaching was invaluable. Broken in health and temper by a trip across a Mexican desert that nearly cost him his life, the old man was a hard master but a thorough one. He taught the youngster to study the appearance of leaves and grass, and to carry in his memory the character and direction of the

prevailing wind for the preceding days. Was it hot or cold? Wet or dry? What would be the effect of either? From which side had the dust blown into the track? What's the difference between the tracks made by a riderless horse and one carrying a burden? How does a horse walk? Trot? Gallop? What do the traces of various insects' work show? Do ants work in the night or day? These were only part of the alphabet of scouting that young Burnham learned, a knowledge that was later to bring him alive out of the Tonta Basin war where his friends, the Grahams, were killed to the last man.

It was to South Africa that his steps now turned. Our western frontier had passed, and his spirit clamored for a new land. Cecil Rhodes was rising to fame as the dictator in South Africa and the builder of empire, and he had use for men of the Burnham type. He turned his great wealth from the diamond and gold mines now pouring out their millions to finance the colonists whom he sent farther and farther northward to what is now Rhodesia. Many Americans joined Rhodes in this great work in Africa, some to gain fame and fortune like John Hays Hammond, Hennings Jennings, Gardner Williams, and Webb, and others to leave their bones on the veldt or fill an unmarked grave.

Early in 1893 when Burnham landed in South Africa the first Matabele war was in near prospect. The Matabeles were kindred of the Zulus, the most warlike and intelligent of the African tribes. Their territory was about the size of Germany. Their king was

Lo Bengula with his capital at Buluwayo, nearly twelve hundred miles on an air line northeast of Capetown. The country held a large native population, trained in warfare and spoiling for a fight. A slave-raiding expedition by Lo Bengula's general, Inyou, near Victoria, a white settlement in Mashonaland, started the war.

Here was something Burnham knew all about, and he volunteered forthwith. He was in Victoria when the war broke. It was five hundred miles to the nearest white settlement in the Transvaal, and retreat seemed out of the question for the English settlers, cumbered as they were with women and children. The total fighting force of the whites was 888 rifles when the two columns that took the field had joined. Against this handful Lo Bengula had a force that was reported to number 10,000 riflemen and 80,000 spearmen. And the natives were fighting over ground that they knew to the last foot.

The whites did not even know the exact location of Buluwayo, the savage capital. In such desperate case they had but one motto, "When in doubt, attack." The headquarters of the whites was at Fort Victoria, to the eastward of Buluwayo. Their leaders were Dr. Leander Starr Jameson, soon to be the leader of Jameson's raid, Major Forbes, and Major Allan Wilson, destined to join the long list of English hero martyrs. There were no laggards in that little company. Even the women and children had their work assigned. Burnham's seven-year-old son carried a bandolier of ammunition to pass out to the men at the loopholes in

Fort Victoria. Only boys and old men were left to guard the women and children in the improvised fort.

There was a hurried conference and it was decided that the only alternative to hopeless retreat was to carry the war to Lo Bengula's own capital. It was reported by natives that there was a route thither that would take them through fairly open country, avoiding the Samabula Forest and its dangers of ambush. The forest would screen the masses of spearmen and enable Lo Bengula to repeat the victories of his Zulu forebears against the English and Dutch.

Burnham and a man named Vaversol, an experienced colonial who spoke the native language, volunteered to find the way and to come back to show it to their comrades. These were Dr. Jameson's final instructions: "If one of you should be wounded and unable to ride, he must be left to fight it out alone, because if the open route is found by either of you and lost through one man's trying to save the other, all our people will be lost, but if either of you should find the trail and be able to guide our force into Buluwayo, we shall win the war."

All they knew except the general direction was a certain flat-topped mountain, the Mountain of the Chiefs, overlooking Buluwayo. When they rode out on their adventure through a district swarming with natives, they carried the hopes of all the whites in that country with them.

From the first they were threatened with ambush but they eluded all attempts, thanks to their horses. The first night they stopped at some deserted huts

where they found kaffir corn for their horses. These they hid in a hollow where they could not be seen against the skyline. Resting till midnight, they rode on again. It was slow work. Not only must they scan the country ahead and on both sides for possible danger and for landmarks that might be remembered against a later need, but they must study the back track frequently. Even a country road looks vastly different in the reverse direction. Consider this and consider then the problem of these two men alone in a trackless, unknown country.

Dawn found them in the rear of the native army that had taken the field, but there were many natives about. Still they could see nothing that resembled the Mountain of the Chiefs, and they must have native information. Riding up a shallow gulley they came upon two old women carrying water in jars on their heads. The sight of the white men on horseback frightened them and as Burnham said afterwards they jumped from under their water jars so quickly that the jars struck the ground right side up.

A few words reassured the ladies and in a minute they were talking freely. Where was the Mountain of the Chiefs? Right there, with a wave of the hand. They learned that they had been looking at it for an hour. "Would Aunty advise us to call on the King today?" "Not exactly today, as he was already gathering his ox wagons and his treasure and trekking toward the Shangani River, Shiloh, and the north." Also many warriors were in Buluwayo who might be glad to spear them on sight. It was not a promising

invitation, but they rode on till from the side of the mountain they could see the smoke of Buluwayo. The way had been found, but the job was only half done. They must carry word of it back to the little column of their comrades whose lives depended on it.

One factor that worked in their favor was the exaggerated ideas of the natives about a horse. In their minds his endurance was equal to his speed. Therefore pursuit at any one time was of short duration. They rested for the return in wide open country where they took turns sleeping. While they rested they watched the natives draw a wide circle around them. It seemed almost without a break when the two white men decided that it was time to go. On one side was a Kaffir kraal of over one hundred thatched huts. Evidently the natives did not believe that they would risk riding through that and the circle was thinner there. The hunted men made a feint toward open country to the south and then as the natives rushed with shouts toward the threatened spot they turned west and rode hard for the kraal. Women and children, herd boys, and old men scattered with shrieks as they pelted through, and they were out of the circle.

Still they must find the advancing column and guide it away from the deadly forest. Night came and with it a cold wind bringing mist. It was impossible to see more than a few feet in any direction. Yet they must keep on. Hours counted now. There was nothing for it but the instinct of direction and the picture of the trail that each man carried in his own head. At one time Vaversol produced a compass and insisted that

they were heading too far north on a route that would land them in the Samabula Forest. There was the compass and the tale it told was unmistakable. But Burnham believed his own sense of direction above any compass. He knew the way, and nothing could shake that belief. Finally they agreed to separate, Vaversol to follow the compass and Burnham his instinct and memory of the back trail. A few minutes after they parted Burnham heard hoofbeats behind him and halted to see what they meant. It was Vaversol overtaking him. He had decided to trust Burnham rather than his compass.

Once they stopped barely in time, warned by the actions of their horses. A few rods more and they would have ridden into a native regiment sleeping at the edge of the forest. Around midnight Burnham's horse sniffed the ground. It was the place where they had unsaddled and rested on the way out. The horses had recognized their own odor. At dawn they struck the huts where they had found the kaffir corn. Now they were sure of their way. Two hours later the fog lifted and they reached the scouts thrown out from the little column of white troops. They were in time—but just in time. Already the column was entering the forest and the blacks attacked as they drew out and formed a laager to stand off the horde of Matabeles who rushed them from the cover of the dense woods. This was the big battle of the war, and it surely would have gone against the whites had not the two scouts returned just in time. Two days later the force reached Buluwayo and found it a heap of smoking ruins. Lo

Bengula had fired it, burning his stores of ivory, but carrying with him into the jungles of the Shangani his treasure. Both treasure and king lie in unknown places today. He was buried in a secret place as were his fathers before him and with him the great treasure—the head-tax of a diamond or a piece of gold per year for each of his people working in the mines of Kimberley and Johannesberg for years.

But the war was not yet over with the capture of Buluwayo. Lo Bengula was still in the field and counted his warriors by thousands. If he could be taken or killed the hostiles would vanish. Col. Forbes called for volunteers to enter the Matabele camp and seize the king. Thirty-eight men responded under Wilson. Burnham was one. They crossed the Shangani River and found themselves surrounded by seven thousand Matabeles. As soon as the fighting began it was seen that the case of the white men was hopeless unless help came. Wilson directed Burnham, his brother-in-law Ingram, and Gooding, an Australian, to cut their way back to Forbes and bring up reinforcements. It was almost the story of the Custer massacre. The three messengers had need of all their skill, woodcraft, courage, and some good luck, but they cut their way through in the growing dawn and swam their horses across the Shangani. They reached Forbes only two hours away, but it might as well have been as many days. He was himself hard pressed and had need of all the rifles he could command. As in the case of Reno on the Little Big Horn he could do nothing but fight his own battle where he stood.

In the meantime Wilson and his men were making their despairing last stand. They shot their horses and fought from behind their bodies as breastworks. The Matabeles swarmed around and the white men took deadly toll before they died. When it was over, no white men were left alive, but Lo Bengula had paid for his victory with eighty men of royal blood and five hundred warriors. The white men sang their national anthem as they fought. The natives said afterwards that the last to die was their leader, Wilson. With both arms broken he came out from behind the barricade of dead horses and walked toward the natives. A young warrior stabbed him with a spear, leaving it in his body. Wilson still walked toward him, the warrior ran and shouted, "This man is bewitched: he cannot be killed," and Wilson fell forward dead.

This was almost the last burst of the first Matabele war, but there was plenty of fighting for Burnham and his kind. In the interval between the first and the second campaigns he led ten whites and seventy Kaffirs to explore Barotseland. Latea, the son of the native king, refused to honor the safe conduct granted by Leweaiki, his father, and surrounded the white men's camp with his warriors, expecting to attack at daybreak. In the middle of the night Burnham took a missionary interpreter and three companions and broke into Latea's hut. Placing the muzzle of his rifle at the king's head he demanded "Peace or war? You can kill us but you will die first." The answer was peace. He then traveled north toward the Congo Basin. This was a momentous expedition and resulted

in the discovery of valuable coal fields, large deposits of copper, a feasible route for the railroad, and a good point for the rails to cross the great Zambezi. It enabled Rhodes to proceed with speed in his gigantic task of spreading civilization in Africa.

This expedition was started by Burnham's observing that a copper bracelet worn by a slave was not made of trade copper but beaten out of native copper from their own mines. It led to a search covering two thousand miles with a successful conclusion. For special services in the campaign Burnham and his two companions, Maurice Gifford and Ingram, were given by the government a grant of three hundred square miles of land in northern Rhodesia.

Burnham explored many of the great ruins and ancient cities of Rhodesia, and discovered a treasure of gold, both crucible and in ornaments, which proved that the native tales gathered by Sir Rider Haggard, when a young man in Africa, had a basis of truth. Haggard wove these tales into his romances, but the truth goes beyond them. Thousands of ancient workings were found, and Rhodesia still produces many millions of dollars per annum in gold from this land of King Solomon's Mines.

It was on this journey that he suffered a week's journey across the dry bed of an ancient lake. The only water for the expedition was carried in goat skin bags. The lazy Kaffir boys emptied the bags when the leader's back was turned. There followed days of heat and burning thirst, and fifteen of the boys paid for their laziness with their lives.

War was never long absent from South Africa in those days. Following the capture of Dr. Jameson in the ill-starred raid that was designed to break the power of the Boers in the Transvaal, muttering arose again among the Matabeles. Peace was not to their liking under the best of circumstances, and this looked like a good chance to break the power of the white men. The English had been beaten by the Dutch and the latter were far away.

The leader, or inspirer, of the rebellion was a priest called the M'Limo. This was a title, not a name. He had his quarters in a cave in the side of a high kopje in the Matoppo Hills. Here he made incantation and prepared "medicine" that was to make the whites powerless before the warriors of his people. It has been claimed that a literal translation of the word M'Limo is "Mouthpiece of God." At any rate he claimed that honor and through an echo in the cave where he stayed convinced the people that he spoke truly. He promised to turn the bullets of the white men to water and that Lo Bengula should come back from his grave and sit once more on his throne in the Government House that Rhodes had built on the site of the old savage palace in Buluwayo. If this man could be taken or killed, the mainspring of the rebellion would be broken. Armstrong, a young man of twenty-two, a native of South Africa, and familiar with the Zulu tongue, had discovered the location of the M'Limo's cave, and General Carrington accepted the services of Burnham to try to get him. The approach to the cave was a triumph of Indian skill and

woodcraft. Two thousand armed natives were in the village at the foot of the kopje. The white men hid their horses and crawled up a mile an hour. The last mile consumed three hours. The final climb to the cave was on hands and knees. The men carried brush in front of them to conceal their approach.

Perhaps Major Burnham's report to Earl Grey, Administrator of Rhodesia, at Buluwayo, will best describe the experience. It is a plain tale of hair-raising experience, and the more impressive because of its plainness.

"Sir—I have the honor to report that upon the information obtained by Native Commissioner Armstrong, and laid before me here, we believed it possible to get into the Matoppo, and get the M'Limo in his cave. It was found there was to be a big Indaba (ceremony) about the full of the moon, and almost with certainty he would be there sometime previous.

"After several attempts that were failures, on the 23rd of the month we succeeded in catching the M'Limo in the act of going through his incantations in the cave. Our orders from General Carrington were to capture him if possible, but on no account to allow him to escape us. We were surrounded by Kaffirs in all directions. The ground is very rough—huge granite boulders and kopjes and dongas (gullies). We hid our horses as near the cave as it was possible, and with great difficulty got ourselves into the cave.

"The M'Limo was going through a preparatory Indaba this day, and the old men and women were carrying native beer and utensils for the big Indaba

to come off on the following day. The Impi (regiment) was supposed to be behind the big granite hill. Just as the M'Limo had finished his dances in the smaller crevices and pathway leading to the main entrance and was starting into the main cavern, I shot him with a Lee-Metford rifle, killing him instantly. We left his body at the entrance to the big cave. He is a man sixty years old with short cropped hair. He was not dressed with any snake-skins, charms or any of the ordinary equipment of the witch doctor. He is not a Ringkop (those wearing the hair shaved in a ring indicating the veteran Zulu warrior); he is a Makalaka. His features are rather aquiline for a negro; very wide between the eyes. His skin is more red than black.

"Immediately after killing him we rushed down the side of the mountain. Just at the foot there is a large kraal of over one hundred huts, built of woven grass, Zulu style, no dagga (sticky mud) being used. The huts are conical with low doors, and were used as temporary resting places by people coming to hold Indabas with the M'Limo. We fired these huts. The wind blowing strongly against the kopje carried a huge sheet of flame and volumes of smoke far over the top. The Kaffirs saw us and shouted as we got to our horses. For two hours we were hotly pursued and were nearly exhausted. Fortunately the Kaffirs abandoned the chase after we crossed the Shashani River.

"We arrived at Mangwe at 6:30 P. M.

"I would say that all the trails leading to this cave have been worn and beaten down several inches in

depth, showing that this was the great Konza (council place) for the whole country. The Kaffir information by which Mr. Armstrong was enabled to discover the movements of the M'Limo was obtained under strict bond of secrecy never to betray their names to the white government or anybody, as it would mean absolute and certain death to all of them. I do not know even any names myself, but as I heard the ceremonies with my own ears and saw the preparations of the M'Limo myself, I am convinced that the information given was absolutely correct, and that this was the principal M'Limo of the nation. We have information of two minor priests whom we may be able yet to capture, but they are of slight importance in comparison with the head priest, who always practiced in this particular cave.

"I have the honor to be, Sir, your obedient servant, F. R. Burnham."

The ending of the M'Limo meant also the ending of the war as Burnham and Armstrong had predicted. It also brought an end to the American's first tour in South Africa. He halted for a brief time in California and then hit the prospector's trail in Alaska. He was there, remote from telegraph or newspapers, when the Spanish-American war broke out. He came out as fast as the boat could bring him, but the first news he heard when he landed in Seattle was that Buckey O'Neal, who had sent him an invitation to join the Rough Riders, was killed and the short-lived war was over. Then he turned back to Alaska.

Alaska is a long way from South Africa, but some-

times a call carries far. The bad feeling that had been smoldering between the Boers and English for many years, flaming up at Majuba Hill and again in the Jameson Raid, now burst forth in the war that was to settle the issue for good and all. Lord Roberts was on his way to Capetown to take command of the British forces when he learned from Sir Frederick Carrington something of Burnham's achievements in the Matabele wars. The scout had been a member of Carrington's staff at the time of the killing of the M'Limo. A cable from Roberts reached Burnham at Skagway with two and a half hours to pack and catch the next boat back to the States. He caught it—and (here is the real marvel) Mrs. Burnham, a refined and gentle woman of great courage, caught it with him. She had been with her husband through the perils of his South African days, and two hours and a half was time enough for her to make ready for the long trip to England, where she stayed till the war was over.

In South Africa, he became Robert's chief of scouts. Before the war was over he had been inside the Boer lines a hundred times, had been captured twice, escaping each time, had reconnoitered the laager of Cronje, at that time the chief Boer leader in the western field and the conquerer of the British at Modder River.

To describe all his exploits in full would take a volume in itself. A few samples must suffice. It was just before the capture of Kroonstad by the British that Burnham was assigned by Lord Roberts to cut the Boer lines and blow up the railroad north of the town to prevent the carrying off of supplies by the

retreating Boers. The force consisted of fifty cavalrymen, eight sappers (men of the engineer corps to handle the explosives), and himself. Major Hunter-Weston was in command. The cavalry was to create a diversion, under cover of which the sappers and their leader were to slip through the lines and make their way to the railroad.

The correspondent of the London *Standard* a few days after described the opening scene of the little melodrama. "They came upon the picket several miles south of the Zand River, and charging with swords soon brought them to terms. The scene was dramatic enough for the Adelphi stage—the broad veldt, the bright moonlight, the surprised picket, the flashing sabers, and the horsemen wheeling around."

This part of the show was soon over. The cavalry drew off when they were once assured that the sappers were well on their way. But it wasn't so easy after all. There were more pickets, and hours were spent in passing them. Finally, with half an hour of moonlight and an hour of darkness left, they arrived at the chosen spot on the railway line, and found the main body of the Boers bivouacked there. Opposite was a small pasture fenced with barbed wire, in which were hobbled horses and a party of Boers sleeping. All the time mounted men and wagons were passing, taking their place in the retreating columns. Burnham crawled up to the fence on hands and knees and cut the wires to let his comrades in with their horses. The problem of getting to the railway with the guncotton seemed impossible of solution. Two men were selected to

make a try with the explosives while the others stayed in the pasture with the hobbled horses. A troop of three hundred mounted Boers rode by, and the commander, seeing something suspicious among the pastured horses, halted twenty yards away and challenged in the darkness. The waiting men lay flat on their horses' necks and held their breath. The Boer leader waited a moment for a reply, and then apparently concluded that the horses were riderless and rode on.

In the meantime the two men had not succeeded in getting through with their precious but dangerous guncotton. There was a brief whispered conference, and it was decided to leave the horses in the pasture and crawl through the line. On the way they ran against three Boers. Hunter-Weston and Lieut. Childs put pistols to the heads of two of them and Burnham clapped his hand over the mouth of the third. It was touch and go, but they handed the prisoners over to the other men of the party to guard. Hunter-Weston and Burnham now took the guncotton and continued their crawl toward the railway. There were wagons and mounted infantry to pass, and with great difficulty the charges were finally placed and lighted.

With the flare and blast of the explosion came wild confusion among the Boers, and under cover of it Hunter-Weston and Burnham regained their horses and retired toward the British lines with the sappers and their prisoners. On the way they ran into another picket, disarmed them, and took four more prisoners. The chase was of short duration. The Boers were retreating and had no stomach for a long run in the

direction in which their prey was heading, but before the little force made their way back to the British lines they had ridden fifty-six miles in enemy country and had been fifteen hours in the saddle. They had cut the telegraph line, blown up the railway, and taken seven prisoners with only one man wounded on their side.

One of his early exploits led to his capture by the Boers under circumstances that were extraordinarily thrilling. It was late in March, 1900, that he was sent out from Bloemfontein by Lord Roberts to scout up to the Basuto border and ascertain the number of Boers in that region and find out, if possible, what they were planning. This time he traveled alone, on horseback, with a led horse. He was delayed at the outset by the led horse breaking away and daylight found him near the British camp under Gen. Broadwood at Koorn Spruit. To his surprise he found the Spruit full of Boers and more arriving steadily. Evidently he had stumbled into an ambush being prepared for the men in the British camp. Being dressed much as were the men in the Boer commandoes, he tried at first to ride away casually, attempting at the same time to attract the attention of the British by signalling with a red handkerchief. They were too busy breaking camp and getting away to give heed to a footless handkerchief fluttering in the wind. But the Boers were not so indifferent, and in a few moments he was a prisoner. His horses were too tired for him to attempt a dash, and he was soon an inmate of a stone cattle kraal under guard.

Boer riflemen shared the enclosure with him and kept one eye on him and one on the British camp in plain view through the loopholes. The action began when the English wagon train and artillery started forward without guard to cover them. Now the Boers were firing fast and accurately. For a time it looked as though the entire force would be wiped out without a chance to defend themselves. More Boers were riding up constantly and joining in the attack and the horses of the wagon train were in wild confusion.

A colonial troop made a desperate attack to dislodge the Boers. There was not a fighting chance. Burnham's only thought was that no living thing could escape the whirlwind of bullets. But the confusion extended no farther than the horses. The men under fire were cool. The famous Q and U batteries now unlimbered and went into action, although men and horses were dropping all about. It was never known who gave the order for this, but he earned his decoration that day, whoever he was.

Burnham lay in his cattle kraal and watched the gunners serve their guns as coolly and steadily as though on parade. When the fire was at its hottest men crawled on hands and knees from guns to limbers and back again in order to avoid exposing themselves to bullets. Although the Boer fire was extremely fast, it was accurate and at carefully judged ranges. One man would get the distance by watching the dust puffs through glasses where his bullets struck on the open plain, and then would pass the word along to his fellows. The artillery saved the day for the British by

the sacrifice of guns and gun crews. Major Burnham said, "Had it not been for those terrible cannon, the Boers told me they would have charged, closing in on all sides of Broadwood's men."

When the British artillery swung into action the rifle fire soon slackened and the Boers began to draw off. The chance of an ambush and a complete routing or capture of the rooineks (rednecks: English) had been lost. Nevertheless, they had Burnham and four hundred and twenty other prisoners, besides army stores and wagon trains, and for these now began a long trek to the rear. The American had represented himself as a British officer engaged in map making, and although one of his captors charged him with being Burnham, the American scout, he failed to convince De Wet, the commandant. Burnham had seized the opportunity to wrap a handkerchief around his knee, pretending to be wounded. This earned him a ride in an ox-wagon with other wounded and gave him his only chance to escape, as the Boers were very vigilant. It was a hard trek of over forty miles back from Koorn Spruit, but he studied the route closely and kept it clearly in his mind. His pretended wound gave him a chance to talk with some of the captured British, and he told them he intended to escape and offered to take back any messages they might give him.

Early in the morning of the third day of travel his chance came. A little Bushman was guarding him and mounted Boers rode behind. The wagons stopped shortly before daylight, and the Bushman walked forward for a moment to speak to the driver of the

oxen. Burnham dropped on the pole of the wagon (dissle-boom in Cape Dutch) and rolled to the ground between the oxen. When they started forward the wagon passed over him, and he rolled quickly to the side of the road as the rear wheels rolled by. It was quick work, for the horses of the mounted guard following close behind nearly trod on him in the darkness.

There were about twenty minutes of darkness left, and he ran to a Kaffir kraal and asked the native to get him a horse. The Kaffir promised, but after he had gone the scout became suspicious and ran out into the open veldt and hid by lying flat in a shallow depression, covering his face with his hat. It was tricks like this that he had learned from the Apaches, past masters in the art of concealment where concealment seems impossible. The Boers soon missed him and hunted in every direction but to no purpose. For twelve hours he lay without stirring, tortured by heat, thirst, and insects. When dark came he found water in a shallow spruit and set out on the back trail on foot and without food. Weak from fasting, Burnham made slow progress, and was obliged to lie out in the open veldt for another long day. On the morning of the next day he reached Broadwood's camp and reported. In the five days and nights of absence from the British lines his food consisted of one biscuit and one small mealie.

The war dragged on and the British captured Pretoria. It was necessary to cut the railway lines between that city and Delagoa Bay in Portugese East Africa to prevent the bringing in of supplies to the Boers from

that side, also to prevent them moving two thousand British prisoners into the fever swamps of the low country. This was another single-handed job, and again Burnham found the Boers in force at the very point that he must set the explosive. He was fired on, and threw himself alongside his horse Indian fashion to escape the bullets. The horse was shot and fell, pinning the rider to the ground, where he lay unconscious for hours, pinned down by the dead body of his horse. When he came back to life he gave no thought to safety till he had crawled to the bridge and set the explosive that cut the line. Then he crawled to an empty kraal and lay hidden for twenty-four hours while the Boers searched for him. This was the end of his active career in the Transvaal. When he was found by the British he was nearly dead through the breaking of a blood vessel in his stomach. Only the long time since his last meal saved him.

Lord Roberts gave to this quiet, little blue-eyed American the proudest certificate of character and achievement any man could ask when he wrote him: "I doubt if any other man in the force could have successfully carried out the thrilling enterprises in which from time to time you have been engaged, demanding as they did the training of a lifetime combined with exceptional courage, caution, and powers of endurance." And with this letter should be joined the cross of the Distinguished Service Order and the South African Medal with many bars which the British Government gave him. He could have had the Victoria

Cross, but it involved the surrender of his American citizenship, and that was not to be considered.

In such a brief space only the high spots of his career can be illuminated. There is another chapter in his exploits in the Ashantee War on the West Coast of Africa. In this fever land where in the old days the average life of the white man was ninety days, he served through the campaign without a touch of illness. All through his long career in the Tropics he carried this same immunity. At Bloemfontein he saw eleven hundred men of the Guards Brigades dead of enteric buried in a single trench. He traveled days on end in a land where the sleeping sickness struck like shells in a besieged town. He camped in fever-smitten swamps around Tanganyika and came out unscathed. He was two years in the country at the head of the Nile, mapping, exploring, and studying. At one time he came in conflict with a German officer, and before the argument was over the American's gun was against the German's stomach and the German flag was on its way to the ground. There were diplomatic inquiries and investigations, but so far as officialdom was concerned, Burnham's expedition never existed, so such a distressing incident never could have taken place.

There is no space either to speak of Mexico, although it is in that country that Major Burnham's present interests and activities lie. In all his apparent wanderings there has always been a deeper reason than the mere love of fighting. His scouting of Zulu and Boer was only an incident to a larger scouting that had for its reason minerals or railroad routes or town

sites or farming lands or grazing grounds. He is one of the avant-couriers of civilization, and in Mexico he is still breaking trail for generations that are to come. When America entered the World War, Major Burnham was one of the eighteen officers selected by Col. Roosevelt to go with him to France in the division he proposed to raise.

I asked him once the prime requisites of the successful scout. He ran over a long list and then he said, "But the most important of all is patience, and more patience; and then patience again. And the hardest thing of all is to fail and come in and admit failure and then go back and try again."

And that, in little more than outline, is the story of Frederick Russell Burnham, no movie hero, but a simple American, born of the American soil and coming back to it from his adventures in distant places to settle down to the routine of working for a living.

IV

McGIFFIN OF THE YALU

This is not the first time we in the United States have cut down the size of our navy. Forty years ago we found ourselves still bearing the burden left by a great war and hoping, as we hope now, that we had done our last fighting. Congress decided to build no more ships and to cut to the lowest possible limit the force on those already in commission. The result was that the class of 1882 at the Naval Academy found itself with a naval training but no navy. Only the first twelve found posts and commissions.

Among the unlucky ones was a youngster named Philo Norton McGiffin. He was a son of Pennsylvania and a descendant of two fighting Highland clans, Clan MacGregor and Clan MacAlpine. His great grandfather had fought in the Revolution, other relatives in the War of 1812, his father in the Mexican and Civil Wars, but since his country had foresworn fighting for the future, there was no place for him in Uncle Sam's navy.

Even before he reached the Academy he had acquired a reputation as a man of action with ability to see the opportunity and courage to seize it. He entered in September, 1877. There were serious railroad

strikes that year, and the train on which McGiffin was traveling to Annapolis was attacked by strikers while passing through Pittsburgh and was run into the roundhouse for the protection of the passengers. The roundhouse was besieged by the strikers, and the people were suffering for lack of water. McGiffin, then a boy of fifteen or sixteen, took an engine and ran through the strikers, filled the water tank, and dashed back into the roundhouse. Many shots were fired at his engine, but he got through unmarked. For this feat he received the official thanks of the city of Pittsburgh.

There is a tradition at the Academy that he stood no higher in his classes than was necessary to get through, but there is good evidence that he was active none the less. A pyramid of old round shot stood on the second floor of the building in which he lived. Late at night he rolled them down the stairs one at a time, carrying away the banisters, breaking the steps, and arousing most of the Academy. He was hardly out of the brig where this escapade sent him than he achieved fame again by firing a salute at midnight from an old Mexican war cannon that stood on the grounds. His nerve was undisputed. In those days the practice cruises were held on square-rigged sailing vessels. Midshipmen were allowed a certain amount of latitude when off duty and follow the leader was a favorite game on such occasions. Young McGiffin brought the game to an abrupt end when his turn came to be leader by dropping overboard from the main yardarm while the ship was under full sail. There were no followers.

At one time during his career in the Academy a

meeting of the class was held to discuss the disciplining of one of the members who had violated some ethical rule of the cadets. In the midst of the argument a young Japanese named Uriu, a midshipman by international courtesy, proposed a course of action that was immediately followed. After the vote McGiffen rose and made his contribution: "There is only one Christian in this class," he said, "and that is that damned heathen Uriu." Uriu is now an Admiral in the Japanese navy, a Baron of the Empire, and a member of the House of Peers, but, as he told a fellow-classmate in 1922, he still remembers this remark as one of the greatest compliments ever paid him.

When Uncle Sam graduated McGiffin with a thousand dollars in lieu of a commission he was left at loose ends. Family tradition, blood, training, and his own desire all combined to urge him into the great game of war, but wars were few in those simple days. The nearest one was the other side of the world. Out in China the Chinese were dragging along a mild affair with the French which history vaguely remembers under the name of the Tongking War. It was a poor war, but it was the best that McGiffin could see, and he decided to offer his services to the Chinese. He sailed from San Francisco early in 1885 and reached China just in time to learn that the war had about worn itself out. French gunboats gave him and his fellow passengers a small thrill by chasing their boat on the way from Nagasaki to Shanghai. Through the American consul at Tientsin he secured an interview with Li Hung Chang, then and for many years after

the power in China. There is a story that the sentry at the gate of Li's compound attempted to stop the young American. Finding that his letter of introduction did not impress the guard and not willing to wait for the slow process of complaint and recommendation, he cleared the road by throwing the sentry into the muddy moat around the outer wall and marched in triumphantly.

But his troubles were not yet over. Li Hung Chang put him on the witness stand in characteristic fashion, as McGiffin reported in a letter to his mother.

"Why did you come to China?"

"To enter the Chinese service for the war."

"How do you expect to enter?"

"I expect you to give me a commission."

"I have no place to offer you."

"I think you have. I have come all the way from America to get it."

"What would you like?"

"I would like to get the new torpedo boat and go down the Yangtze-Kiang to the blockading squadron."

"Will you do that?"

"Of course."

The Viceroy seemed impressed by the quick, confident answers of the American, but he knew that the war was over and he was looking to the future. Perhaps there was room on the plan for this lad, but he must prove himself first. China sets great store by age and experience. There is no place in her category for bright young men. McGiffin writes: "He asked, 'How old are you?' When I told him I was twenty-

four I thought he would faint—for in China a man is a boy until he is over thirty. He said I would never do—I was a child."

Having thus taught the youngster his place and a becoming reverence in the presence of his elders, Li spoke casually of a possible post in the Naval College and Arsenal at Tientsin. But of course they would never grant a post of such importance to a child unless he was an exceptional child. China is the land of examinations. They understand the gentle art of quizzing as does no other nation on earth. These are the subjects that they set before McGiffin: seamanship, gunnery, navigation, nautical astronomy, geometry, algebra, trigonometry, conic sections, curve tracing, differential and integral calculus. Fresh from Annapolis, he passed high and received the title of Professor of Seamanship and Gunnery. In addition, he was to teach navigation and fencing and to drill the cadets in infantry and artillery tactics. For this he was to receive a hundred taels ($150) a month and a house. McGiffin's Scotch blood had prompted him to ask for a hundred and thirty taels, but the Chinese are a match for the Scotch in thrift. He has no years, said Li, and he may be an impostor. So he discounted the new Professor thirty taels a month for insurance.

The ten years that followed are easily bridged. The adventure that was to be McGiffin's was to be compassed in a few short hours—five, in fact—hours of battle smoke and the roar of great guns, when the air rocked with gun fire and the sea was lashed with shell. And the preparation for that brief moment of high

adventure was ten years of placid work at Tientsin. There is little enough record of that time. He taught the subjects assigned him, and he took the new cruisers out on their trial trips. Being what he was, he worked faithfully to help China build a navy, but his eyes were always on his native country. There were rumors now and again that Congress might be moved to reinstate the midshipmen who had been turned loose, and McGiffin wrote frequent letters of "our Bill" as he called it. It was a vain hope. Politicians are slow to compensate for a wrong, especially one done in the sacred name of economy, and America was not yet ready to begin the building of a great navy. In those days China outranked us as a naval power.

At the end of his ten years he applied for leave to go home and was making his preparations to start when the big call came. China declared war on Japan, and he withdrew his application for leave before the Chinese government had time to suggest it. China had need of him now, and there was a call to which his fighting spirit responded. He was attached to the fleet of Admiral Ting Yu Chang as second in command with the 7,000-ton battleship *Chen Yuen.* The fleet was gathered at Ta-Lien-Wan, the chief Chinese port near Dalny, where the Russians later erected the great fortress of Port Arthur.

It was one o'clock on the morning of September 16, 1894, that eleven warships, four gunboats, and six torpedo boats cleared from Ta-Lien-Wan to convoy a fleet of troopships to the mouth of the Yalu. The exact whereabouts of the Japanese fleet was apparently

not known, and no great effort had been made to find them. Late in July two Chinese ships, the *Kwang Yih* and *Kow Shing,* had run foul of a Japanese force off Baker Island and had been sunk. Following this disaster the Chinese government had ordered Admiral Ting not to cruise eastward of a line drawn from the Shantung lighthouse to the mouth of the Yalu. The Yalu, it should be said, is the river that forms the northern boundary of Korea, between that country and Manchuria. The fighters in the navy chafed at this order but obeyed it. If there was to be a fight, apparently the Japanese must bring it to them.

The convoy reached the mouth of the Yalu safely, and the troopships crossed the bar and proceeded up the river to their anchorage. This was early on the morning of the seventeenth. The warships went to quarters and battle practice was held as usual with no thought of the nearness of action. The morning was spent and the midday meal was being prepared when the lookout on the *Chen Yuen* reported smoke on the horizon. The other ships had sighted it at almost the same instant and the bugles sounded "Action" and "Officers' Call" through the fleet. The moment to avenge Baker Island was at hand.

It was a grim sight on board as those two modern fighting fleets drew rapidly near each other. On the Chinese ships the gun shields on the big Krupps had been cut away after the fight off Baker Island because of the danger of shell bursts being confined within them and disabling the whole gun crew as had happened in the previous fight. Sand bags and bags filled

with coal from the engine room bunkers were piled along inside the superstructure to cut off some of the small arms fire, and hammocks were slung around the rapid-fire guns for the same purpose. The decks were sanded to prevent their becoming slippery with blood as had been the custom in the hand-to-hand fights of the old wooden ships. Extra shells and solid shot were laid ready near the guns to save time at the ammunition hoists. So the Chinese stood out to meet the enemy with black smoke pouring from the funnels, bearing evidence of the forced draft below where the sweating stokers were feeding the fires. The real heroes of the modern battleship are the stokers. They see none of the action, feel none of the thrill. Disaster that comes swift and complete finds them helpless, trapped a score or more feet below the water line.

This was the first real test of modern battleships in action. Ironclads had been used in our Civil War, but they were freak ships, most of them adapted from wooden ships hastily armored with whatever might be found. The little *Monitor* that beat the Confederate ram *Merrimac* at Hampton Roads was described as a cheesebox on a raft, and the *Merrimac* was an old Union boat that had been sunk by Confederate batteries and afterwards raised and sheathed with railroad iron.

Here off the Yalu the highest product of the steel ship builder's art was going into action for the first time armed with modern, long range, big guns—the Japanese with Canet guns from France, the Chinese with German Krupps. Both nations were making their

supreme throw with fate in this battle. If the Japanese lost, their little army in Korea would be cut off and helpless against the Chinese force already on its way. The Chinese were gambling their naval future. Defeat now meant the end of that road for many years to come, and the death of the dreams that Li Hung Chang had cherished of naval supremacy in the eastern Pacific and a place among the fighting powers of the world that should free them forever from foreign domination. The echoes of the Yalu fight are still to be heard.

Much was made after the fight of the lack of preparation of the Chinese. McGiffin's own words are the best evidence on this point. He wrote: "For weeks we had anticipated an engagement and had had daily exercises at general quarters, etc., and little remained to be done. There were woeful defects in our ammunition supplies, as will be seen, but had we kept the seas for a year longer before fighting, there would have been no improvement in that respect, since the responsibility for the neglect lay in Tientsin. So the fleet went into action as well prepared as it was humanly possible for it to be with the same officers and men, handicapped as they were by official corruption and treachery ashore."

The Chinese advanced to the battle in an irregular line, two of the older ships being unable to keep the pace. On paper the two fleets were about equal. The Chinese were superior in big guns, but the Japanese had the edge in quick-firers. The Japanese outnumbered the Chinese, twelve to ten. The Chinese gun-

boats and torpedo boats failed to get into the main action at all.

The commander of the Japanese flagship, the *Matsushima,* was Tasuker Serata, a close friend and classmate of McGiffin at Annapolis.

The first shot was fired by the Chinese flagship at about five thousand yards, and the rest of the fleet joined, the Japanese withholding their fire for at least five minutes, closing in fast all the time. As the range shortened both sides began to score hits, and the surface of the sea burst into geysers where shell and solid shot struck. The officers on the bridge of the *Chen Yuen,* thirty feet above the waterline, were showered with spray, and the men at the guns were stung with the flying bursts like rain before a gale.

Soon after the action began one Chinese ship, the *Tsi Yuen,* turned tail and ran. Late that night she reached Ta-Lien-Wan, and the captain reported that his comrades had been wiped out by a great Japanese armada. Another soon followed suit. The captain of the latter evidently had a knowledge of navigation about equal to his courage, for in the early morning he landed on a reef outside the harbor mouth at Ta-Lien-Wan. Now the odds were eight to twelve, and the Japanese drew in closer. Two Chinese ships burst into flames and headed for the beach. From this time on the major Japanese ships practically ignored all except the Chinese flagship and her sister ship, the *Chen Yuen,* conned by McGiffin.

There was no plan of battle left for the Chinese, but those two floating targets drew together and stood

off the attack of the five Japanese that were pouring shot and shell into them at close range. Around and around them the Japanese steamed, but they could not break them apart, and again and again the *Chen Yuen* covered the flagship and saved her from destruction. It was now six against twelve, with only two of the six counting in the fight. McGiffin's ship was on fire repeatedly and only the fact that the hose was laid and the water turned on before the beginning of the fight saved her from utter ruin. For the last two hours of the fight the American was practically blinded from smoke and the concussion of the guns and the shell explosions, his eyes being so congested with blood that they were nearly closed. His Chinese second in command conned the ship and carried out his captain's orders to the letter. Through all the turmoil of the engagement, with modern ships fighting with twelve-inch guns at a range sometimes as short as seventeen hundred yards—which might be likened to a pistol duel at ten paces—he still had the ability to observe the effect of the Japanese gun fire and to note down instances for future reference. Of the "broadside firing by director," i.e., the firing of the whole battery by a single electrical contact, he says:

"This system was most effective, the result of so many shots striking at once, and producing numerous fires, being very annoying." This seems a mild enough statement from the commander whose ship was the target of this interesting experiment.

There was more than one hero at the Yalu fight. The *Chih Yuen* bore down on the Japanese line. She

was hit by a big shell and started to sink by the head. The Chinese captain ordered full speed ahead in a last attempt to ram. Her wound was too great and she dove under in her dying charge with the black smoke of the forced draft pouring from her funnels.

The end of the engagement was approaching. The two big Chinese ships would not yield as long as they were afloat. McGiffin had in his magazine some steel shell which he regarded as of an experimental type. As well as his bloodshot eyes would permit, he directed the loading of one of the guns in the forward turret. At that moment Serata swung the *Matsushima* out of column and fired one shot at the *Chen Yuen* at the instant that McGiffin fired his "experimental" shot. Both shots landed and both ships were raked almost fore and aft. McGiffin and Serata were both wounded, and Serata afterwards died from his wounds. Firing ceased gradually, and the Japanese drew off. Ammunition was low in the Chinese magazines, but the two ships followed, firing at intervals. Then the Japanese turned and poured in the hottest fire of the afternoon. It was the last burst. The Japanese had done their work, but night was coming on and there was always the danger of a torpedo attack in the darkness. The Chinese could not continue if they would. The six-inch shells were gone, and the *Chen Yuen* had only twenty-five solid steel shot for the twelve-inch guns. A half-hour of slow fire would have seen the end. The military foretop had been silent for nearly an hour. A single shell had killed the whole gun crew.

McGiffin and his admiral gathered together the frag-

ments of their fleet, and shepherded them slowly back to Port Arthur. Six were still able to steam at slow speed, one of them on fire as she moved. The flames of one of the beached fighters shone across the sea, lighting them on their crippled way.

It was the end of McGiffin's adventure—and of China's naval dream as well. The Orientals have small mercy for the loser. McGiffin's tribute to his Admiral, Ting Yu Chang, is significant:

"A gallant soldier and true gentleman. Betrayed by his countrymen, fighting against odds, almost his last official act was to stipulate for the lives of his officers and men. His own he scorned to save, well knowing that his ungrateful country would prove less merciful than his honorable foe."

The end of the drama for McGiffin was delayed for more than two years. Broken by the concussions of the heavy fire that his ship received, bearing wounds from shell splinters that would not heal, he came back at last to his own country and found a home in a New York hospital. Here in constant pain he wrote the story of the Yalu fight, the only account in existence by an eye witness. The code of the Chinese has no place for failure. Defeat demands the last full penalty. His admiral had already paid it with his own hand. His second in command at the Yalu had taken the same road at Wei-Hai-Wei as the Japanese conquerors came alongside to take over his ship. McGiffin had been too long in the East not to have imbibed much of the spirit that sent these men out. A revolver

hidden in a dispatch box brought to his bedside gave him the means, and the curtain was rung down.

At any early day in our own navy he might have found a high and useful place. Had he lived a few years later he might have been of the breed of seadogs that the men at the guns idolize and the bureau chiefs at their desk fear and strive to restrain. As it was, he spent his ten years of active life under an alien flag and found the adventure that his spirit sought crowded into the five hours of a losing fight.

V

BURTON, THE PILGRIM ADVENTURER

There are two kinds of explorers—those who seek for knowledge primarily and to whom adventure is an incident and often an annoyance, and those who go chiefly for the thrill of adventure and to look upon "the bright face of danger." Richard Francis Burton stands at the head of the latter clan.

One of the great linguists and a leading Orientalist of his time, a geographer and anthropologist of wide knowledge, a not indifferent naturalist, a student of religion and particularly of the strange and hidden all his life, he was always and primarily the adventurer. Lord Denby said of him that he had compressed into his life before middle age "more of study, more of hardship, and more of successful enterprise and adventure than would have sufficed to fill up the existence of half a dozen ordinary men."

He boasted often of the Gypsy strain in his blood, of which there is apparently no more evidence than was implied in his swarthy skin, dark, gleaming eyes, and wild reckless temper. His stock was ordinary good English, although his father was born in Ireland and was an officer in an Irish regiment. A small inheritance that enabled the family to wander at loose ends about Europe gave the young Richard full scope for his

spirit of adventure. In the case of both himself and his brother Edward this usually took the form of youthful scrapes. Meanwhile his father dabbled in amateur chemistry or consulted with his wife about good places for the ailments which they both imagined themselves to possess. The chemistry usually produced nothing worse than vile smells and mild explosions, while the imaginary ailments and the traveling from cure to cure that they demanded gave Richard a chance to become acquainted in his own way with a considerable part of France and Italy. This irregular wandering life did little to discipline a spirit naturally headstrong and impatient of control.

His father vaguely intended him for the church. Meanwhile he roamed about Continental towns poking his nose into quarters usually known to tourists only by hearsay. He seems even then to have had rare facility in languages and was a skillful gambler, an accomplishment that afterwards stood him in good stead at Oxford. He was nineteen when he matriculated at Trinity College in 1840 and his first day there brought him into trouble. A fellow undergraduate made sneering comment on the sweeping military moustache which he wore and was promptly challenged to a duel. There is no record, however, of its having been fought. Burton heard of the cheerful practice of hazing Freshmen, not unknown in this country. He heated a poker and waited just inside his unlocked door. Word must have gone around of something explosive in this English gypsy. At any rate no hazers came.

There were two things for which Burton thanked Oxford, his first knowledge of Arabic and a bulldog of wondrous ugliness and pedigree. His career at the University came to an abrupt end when he went to the races without permission, and he appears next as a subaltern of the 18th Regiment of Bombay Native Infantry. Sir Charles Napier was then approaching the height of his fame, and he became young Burton's hero. But he hated army life for all that and welcomed a chance to join the Sinde Survey. He was now in the full tide of his first rapture over Oriental languages and life, studying Persian, Arabic, Gujarati, Hindustani, Marathi. Disguised as a native he loafed about the bazaars, fooling even the natives themselves.

Invalided home with a severe attack of ophthalmia, he landed in Italy and in spite of weak eyes applied himself to the preparation of books on Goa and Sinde and a manual of Bayonet Exercise. Through all his life Burton was an accomplished swordsman and horseman, one of the best of his time, and in this period in Italy and later at Boulogne he probably owed the recovery of his health to his love of these sports.

India had given him a taste of the real adventure, that was to hold him through his life, and his eyes now turned toward Mecca. Not only did that sacred city of Islam attract him but there was a great white spot on the map of Central Arabia that was a standing challenge to his restless nature.

His departure was characteristic. At Boulogne he had met a Miss Arundell, ten years later to become Mrs. Burton. The path of his courtship was a stony

one. The Arundells were proud of the fact that they were "old English Catholics," while Burton's religious beliefs were varied and subject to suspicion. He soon wearied of fruitless dangling and disappeared without warning or farewell. In due course there appeared at Cairo, Mirza Abdullah of Bushire, devout Mohammedan on pilgrimage to Mecca.

This was his first great adventure and the one for which he is best known, but except for the sensational atmosphere in which it has been clothed it was far from being his greatest. Other white men had made the trip, and to one of Burton's audacity and skill in Oriental tongues and customs the danger was not great.

When at Cairo, Burton took on the name and dress of a Mohammedan, he laid aside the feelings of an Englishman and became a part of Islam. It was Ramazan, the month of fasting and prayer, and he fasted and prayed with the most devout. Meanwhile he cast about him for companions for the pilgrimage and presently made friends with Sa'ad the Demon and an Arab Sheikh Hamid. He also picked up for servant a shrewd rascal named Mahamined. Sa'ad and Mahamined were a good pair to tie to if the traveler was to have the best of the meager comforts available on the way. The boat on which they embarked for Yambu was built for 60 passengers and there were 90 on board. An overload of 50% was nothing unusual for Mecca pilgrims. Such experiences were trifles in a land where hundreds died yearly of thirst and pestilence and shipwreck in their effort to earn the green turban that was the crown of Mohammedan desire.

There are degrees of discomfort and Sa'ad and Mahamined found a place of vantage on the poop deck of the crowded vessel where they could at least lie down to sleep. They had wisely provided their companions with stout clubs and when a group of Maghrabis, a wild desert tribe from near Tripoli, stormed their stronghold it was a case of clubs against knives. The attack ended abruptly when Mirza Abdullah of Bushire dropped a heavy water jug on the heads of the leaders.

The trip to Mecca called for courage and resourcefulness, but only occasionally was there a threat of real danger. For double protection, Burton changed servants after he landed, and assumed the dress and language of a Pathan from the Afghan border. Few of these wild tribesmen made the pilgrimage and the danger of detection was correspondingly small.

At Mecca Burton allayed any suspicions that might have arisen by outdoing the most devout in his adoration of the Kaaba, the shrine that tradition said was built by Abraham and that contained the sacred black stone, the jewel sent from Heaven. In the midst of his genuflections around the sacred stone and his kissing of its well-worn surface he found time to observe it and to conclude that it was probably of meteoric origin. Here was the real point of danger. A white man found in the Kaaba would have had short shrift and no mercy.

At the start of his trip Burton had had high hopes of writing his name on some of the blank spaces on the map of Central Arabia, some of which remain un-

explored to this day, but tribal wars had closed the way for even non-combatant Arabs, and Burton turned back to Jiddah on the Red Sea. Once there a Pathan pilgrim disappeared in the cabin of an English ship lying in harbor and an hour later an English gentleman emerged.

The great trip was done, and the book that resulted was one of the best of Burton's long list, but the journey that was to come next was infinitely more hazardous. Somaliland, at the extreme eastern part of Africa, was closed territory, and no white man had seen the walls of Harar, its savage capital. That fact was inducement enough for Burton. The year after Mecca, 1854, saw him at Zeila, on the Gulf of Aden, this time as a Moslem merchant. He scorned the elaborate preparations and long trains of porters and guides and gun bearers that usually went with African travel. His entourage was frequently untrustworthy but always interesting. This time it consisted of a former native policeman at Aden nicknamed the Long Gulad, a rascally Moslem priest who went by the rather direful name The End of Time, and a petty Easa chieftain, whose task was the doubtful one of protecting Burton. Probably he served as well as any other since protecting Burton was an impossible assignment under the best of circumstances.

It was late in the year when the little party started through the Isa country on a trip that held a menace from the beginning. "Traitorous as an Isa," was a proverb at Zeila. But Burton was doubly armed. Bedouins attacked his little band of supposed Moslem

traders. At the first report of Burton's revolver they drew off and sent a messenger to explain that it was all a joke. Then Burton flashed his magic star sapphire and threatened them with "sorcery, death and wild beasts." This is the first appearance of this useful stone in the Burton armory, and the traveler seems at times to have had almost as firm a belief in its magic properties as did the natives who cringed before it.

At Sagharrah fever gained him the friendship of Jirad Adan, a chief of intelligence and power. But Jirad would not go to Harar. "No one," he said, "is safe in the Amir's clutches, and I would as soon walk into a crocodile's mouth as set foot in that city."

As the travelers left Sagharrah the villagers consoled them by reciting the Fatihah, the first chapter of the Koran. Audacious courage carries its own charms, and they won through to Harar, "a dark speck upon a tawny sheet of stubble." Questioned at the gate, Burton arrogantly demanded to be taken at once before the Amir. At the palace he swaggered into the royal presence between two long lines of Galla spearmen, his hand on a revolver hidden in the broad sash at his waist. He had determined, so he said afterwards, to shoot the Amir if one of the spearmen lifted his weapon. It was a characteristic boast, and probably an afterthought.

There was little to see at Harar, although the ten days he spent there held a deadly menace each hour of every day. It was a pestilential spot sunk in filth, sloth, and unspeakable vice, a festering sore in a thirsty land. Even Burton, student of the weird and the deca-

dent, found little here to interest him, and soon sent the rest of his party back to Zeila while he made for Berbera, on the coast three hundred miles to the northeast, to join Speke, Horne, and Stroyan. Speke had already won prominence as an explorer on the Upper Nile, and Burton was hungry to join him in a search for the source of that river, the fabled fountains of which Herodotus had written.

His track led him straight through a desert land, where he nearly died of thirst till the flight of a sandgrouse into a line of low hills brought him to water.

The four men made their way to Aden, running the gauntlet of Somali spears all the way to the coast. Their first try for the Upper Waters of the Nile came to an abrupt end at Berbera. Just as they were ready to take the trail, they were attacked by 300 natives. The colored guards ran at the first shock and the four Englishmen were left to fight it out. Stroyan died with a spear through his body. Burton had a javelin through both cheeks, knocking out four teeth and marking him for life. Speke drew eleven wounds, but the three of them fought their way through to the beach and safety on a native boat bearing Stroyan's body with them.

The Crimean war interrupted the Nile plans, although Burton got no nearer active service than Constantinople. This was the period of his greatest unpopularity in England. Many canards about him were afloat, some of them probably starting from boasting or reckless statements by himself. In bursts of resentment or ill temper or in the mere freakish

desire to shock the respectables at home he had done not a little to draw a picture of himself that conventional Englishmen were bound to abhor. In his writings there were many references in text or notes to native habits and practices that shocked and repelled. The conclusion was inevitable. He knows these things and writes of them openly and without shame or apology. He must himself condone if not practice them. It was many years before he lived down this ill-earned reputation.

In the meantime, whatever his popular standing, he was forcing respect for his courage as an explorer. His expedition to the source of the Nile that followed hard upon the settlement of the Crimean War was financed by the Royal Geographical Society, the most conservative of English scientific bodies. His credentials were curiously varied. In addition to the backing of the R. G. S., he carried letters from the Sultan of Zanzibar, a diploma from Sheikh El Islam at Mecca, and a passport from Cardinal Wiseman to all Roman Catholic missionaries whom he might meet. As a final touch he carried several bags of horse-chestnuts "against the evil eye and as a charm to ward off sickness." Others are welcome to speculate on how far he believed in such superstitions. Probably Burton himself did not know. Such freaks were a part of the monumental inconsistency of the man.

With time on his hands at Zanzibar, then the great port of entry in East Africa, before starting for the interior he indulged in a characteristic gesture of adventure. Chartering a crazy Arab boat, he and Speke

made a "preliminary canter" northward to Mombasa. Then they turned southward as far as Pangany and went on foot and by canoe to the forbidden city of Fuga—"an unfenced heap of haycock huts." The Sultan Kimwere was old and sick, and when they announced themselves as European "wizards and *Waganga* of peculiar power over the moon, the stars, the wind, and the rain," he demanded a demonstration in the form of an elixir that would restore his youth, health, and strength. This was too large an order for the impromptu wizards, and they promptly and quietly withdrew to seek a less dangerous field for the exercise of their powers.

It was late in June of 1857 when they finally left Zanzibar for Lake Tanganyika, Burton, Speke, Sudy Bombay, two Goa boys, two negro gun bearers, and ten Zanzibar mercenaries. Both white men suffered grievously from fever on the way. At one time Burton was partially paralyzed and Speke nearly blind from malaria. They passed through a slave country and once fought off a band of raiders. To add to their troubles, the mercenaries rebelled and plotted to kill the leaders. Burton's gift of tongues nipped this in the bud. Two men walked behind him in a narrow trail and discussed how and when to strike. Burton understood their speech, and when one of them urged "Strike now!" he thrust back with his dagger. There was one mercenary the less and the rebellion was over.

Some of Burton's critics at home made much of such happenings as this and accused him of reddening his hands daily with native blood. Burton added fuel to

this flame with his occasional freakish bursts of boastfulness and resentment. Sometimes his mordant sense of humor saved the situation. A medical friend in England once asked him, "How do you feel when you have killed a man?" Burton's reply was prompt. "Very jolly, doctor, how do you?"

It was an eight months' trek from Zanzibar to Lake Tanganyika, which they reached in the middle of February, 1858. So far there seems to have been the best of feeling between Burton and Speke. Together they had endured fever, thirst, the treachery of their own men, and the assaults of the slavers. Together they explored the great lake in an Arab boat reaching the northernmost point and crossing to Kazembe's country on the western shore. Storms swept down on them, nearly drowning them and frightening their men into a panic.

On the way out they separated, Burton going direct to Zanzibar while Speke swung off northward to Victoria Nyanza. Burton loitered at Zanzibar and again at Aden until he learned that Speke had come out and was on his way to England with the report that he had found the true source of the Nile in Victoria. Isis was unveiled at last. Burton held out for Tanganyika, and there was bad blood between the two comrades who had borne so much together. The observations of both men were of the scantiest rough-and-ready sort, but later explorations were to prove that Speke's guess was the more nearly correct one.

Burton's work on this occasion was marked by the tragic futility that so often characterized it. After

Tanganyika the trip to Victoria was an easy jaunt, but he scorned it, serene in the belief that his work was done. At a time when it was doubly important to bear his report to England in person he loitered by the way like an unwilling schoolboy and permitted his more thrifty rival to reap the first harvest of applause. This was the story more than once repeated through his life, and the greatest tragedy of all was that he had stopped short so near the truth, had guessed where he should have known.

Burton's wanderings were not to end while life and strength were left to him, but now a change came over them. In 1863 he married Miss Arundell, whom he had met at Boulogne in the days before the pilgrimage to Mecca. Now he had an ally, although not always a tactful or effective one. The first fruit of his wife's work in his behalf was the consulship at Fernando Po, on the West Coast of Africa. The honor was a doubtful one. The place was a white man's grave, and white women were unknown there. English ships stopped only long enough to clear cargo and then fled as from the plague, although the port rules required them to wait eighteen hours for correspondence to be answered. The first captain in after Burton's installation as consul demanded prompt clearance and sneered at the port rule as not enforceable. Burton informed him that if he sailed before the eighteen hours had passed there would be two shots fired from the battery at the harbor mouth, one across his bows and if that was not effective the other through the hull of his ship. The captain

fumed but waited. A wild gypsy was a new figure at a consul's desk.

The natives, too, had something to learn. Here was a man whom the heat and fever mists of the Tropics had not yet broken. Early in his incumbency a negro, proud of his knowledge of English, entered and slapped the new consul on the back. "Shake hands, consul. How d'ye do?" Burton's answer was a shout for his boys. "Hi, Kroo boys, just throw this nigger out the window, will you?" And they did.

As a consul Burton was not a marked success, but everywhere he found things to interest his vivid, wandering spirit, and always material for more books which he poured out tirelessly. From Fernando Po he went on a special mission to the King of Dahomey with a message from the Queen and the injunction to suppress the human sacrifices of the Great Customs. His mission failed, but he was well received and saw the famous Amazons of the King's bodyguard.

His next post was at Santos in Brazil. It was the time when Paraguay was fighting an unequal war with Brazil, Argentine, and Uruguay, a war that wiped out four-fifths of the population of Paraguay. That country was not on Burton's beat, but he crossed it twice while the war was on and when it came time to return to England he did so by crossing the Continent to Arica in Peru and going home by way of the Straits of Magellan.

When he was appointed consul at Damascus in 1869 he knew real happiness for the first time in years. Now he was back in his beloved East, officially

planted in the great capital at the place where all the desert trails crossed. But the evil fates of the Burtons still dogged their heels. Mrs. Burton began it by making one of her frequent unwise friendships, this time with Jane Digby el Megrab, an English adventuress who had married a native chieftain. Burton set his heart on visiting the ruins of Tadmor in the desert. The route was controlled by Jane Digby's tribesmen and she demanded £250 for a safe conduct. Burton refused to pay the price, and Jane pretended to accede and loaned him one of her own Bedouins with secret orders to lead the party into an ambush and hold them for heavy ransom. Burton was too old a hand at desert travel to be caught by so obvious a trick, and before they were out of sight of Damascus he had forced the guide to turn over to him his own Arab mare as hostage. As a result they saw the ruins and returned in safety.

On another expedition with Drake and Palmer, English archeologists, their guide demanded £25 to lead them out in safety. On their return they complained to the Turkish governor and a short time later were shown the head of the rascally guide with the query if that was justice enough to suit them. Attacked by 150 Nazarenes, Burton fired his revolver in the air and the whole 150 ran pell-mell. He was proving that even a consul may find adventure enough and to spare. In fact, if he had stuck to his adventures he might have ended his days at Damascus. Unfortunately his unflagging interest in native life led him to take too active a part in a local religious controversy

and just when he was expecting each mail to bring him approval of his course from the Foreign Office it brought him instead notice of the appointment of his successor.

It was at Trieste instead of his beloved Damascus that he wore out the last years of his life. Here he found leisure for the task that he had contemplated for over thirty years, the translation of The Thousand and One Nights, the work that was to bring him fame, money, and a knighthood. This was published in 1885–6. Here he also finished his translation of Camöens—a wanderer like himself. One line from this might almost have served for an epitaph of the translator: "Deeds that deserve, like gods, a deathless name."

During the same period he brought out his translation of Catullus and also The Scented Garden, a little known Persian poem.

There were a few short trips, one to Morocco and one to India. When Palmer, his friend of Damascus days, was cut off by natives in the Sinaitic Peninsula during the rebellion of Arabi Pasha, he asked permission to go to his relief. His request was denied and almost the same mail brought news of the tragic death of his friend. This was the last flare of the old wild spirit.

His death in 1890, at the age of sixty-nine, found him established in the good graces of respectable England. The day was long past when men refused to mention his name except to censure. Time had dimmed the memory of some of his earlier indiscretions of

speech. Perhaps, too, his rank and his prosperity had tamed his tongue and given him a clearer vision for his own advantage. But to the end of his days he carried something of the Elizabethan swashbuckler, of high and scornful courage, of contempt for the timid souls who slept in comfortable beds and fed their minds on the safe conservative food offered by *The Times* and *The Spectator*.

Men speak of him today, first as an Orientalist, but it is doubtful if that was his soundest claim to fame. He knew many languages, but rather as the natives spoke them in the bazaars and along the caravan trails than as they were found in libraries and in documents of state. He was in too great haste to be able to control his pace to the slow, sure step of the scholar. In the forty years of his active career he published nearly fifty books, books of travel, grammars of native dialects, translations. These are some of the titles: Sinde; Pilgrimage to Mecca; The Highlands of Brazil; Zanzibar; First Footprints in Africa; The Gold Coast; not forgetting the monumental translation of The Arabian Nights. As an explorer he was second to none of his time, although others too often gathered the fruits. He knew much of savage tribes and customs, but in the spirit of the reporter rather than that of the scientist. His writing was turgid and hurried, but packed full of odd, interesting facts. When he traveled he went as the native went, almost alone and living on the country and not with the great safari of Stanley's time. As a result he saw many things that were denied to the eyes of men more carefully

guarded. Always he carried his head high whether in London drawing-room or the blood-reeking palace at Harar. His explorations were useful not alone for what he found but also for the incentive they gave other men of his own time and later to go out and seek what lay hidden in the jungle or across the desert. Again as in the time of Drake and Hawkins a great wind from the hidden corners of the earth blew into contented England and Burton opened more than one window to its coming.

After his death Swinburne wrote into memorial verse some thought of this Englishman who was born too late and lived most of his life too far beyond the narrow limits of his countrymen's gaze.

While England sees not her old praise dim,
While still her stars through the world's night swim
A fame outshining her Raleigh's fame,
A light that lightens her loud sea's rim,

Shall shine and sound as her sons proclaim
The pride that kindles at Burton's name.
And joy shall exalt their pride to be
The same in birth if in soul the same.

But we that yearn for a friend's face,—we
Who lack the light that on earth was he,—
Mourn, though the light be a quenchless flame
That shines as dawn on a tideless sea.

VI

JOHNNY POE, ATHLETE, COWBOY, MINER, AND SOLDIER

Romance doesn't disappear; it only changes its form. The rainbow can be seen from the window of a sky-scraper or a college dormitory just as well as from a mountain top or from the deck of a square-rigger.

When the class of 1895 graduated from Princeton probably most of the boys said farewell to the dreams of romance and adventure. The golden days were done. The future held only the prospect of the daily job and the routine of office or store or shop.

For one of them, however, the drama was just beginning. That was Johnny Poe. The Poes are a famous family at Princeton. Six brothers of them graduated from the New Jersey college from 1884 to 1902, and all six of them left college wearing the coveted P of Princeton varsity football. And the greatest of them all was Johnny. A small man in a football day when there was a heavy premium on size, he was never overmatched in offensive or defensive skill, and he was a sure, intelligent player. He had brains and courage, which are the prime qualities of the real athlete. The story is told of him that in his two years on the Princeton varsity he missed only one

tackle, which so distressed him that he was on the point of turning in his uniform. He worked at football as few men do. In his leisure hours in his room, when other men were loafing or reading or talking, he practiced hours at a time passing a football into a pile of pillows to develop speed and sureness.

After he left college he tried business for a time, but his restless spirit refused to fit itself into the mould of the daily grind. It was action that he longed for, and above all, fighting. As he wrote to a friend at one time, "My ambition is to see wars in new countries." He was to see them in both new and old, but there were several disappointments before this hope was realized. In 1898 the war with Spain came to many youngsters as a fresh breeze in a stale, irksome room. And many had the same experience that fell to young Poe—months of training, but no action. His regiment, the Fifth Maryland, got no nearer Spanish soil than Tampa, Florida. But he found it very much to his liking as far as it went. From Chickamauga he wrote to a classmate, "All this fuss about the hardships of a soldier's life makes me tired. Of course, if a fellow gets plugged or is sick it is hard, but as long as he keeps well and doesn't get wounded it's a cinch."

A year later opportunity knocked at his door again. He could have had a commission at the end of the Spanish war, but he refused it, preferring to remain a free lance with a chance to go to the next war wherever it might be. It is to be feared that it was excitement rather than a righteous cause that he sought then. His frankness was refreshing when he wrote that he

was eager to go to war, "no matter where or on what side—they are both usually wrong, so it doesn't make much difference which one chooses." There is evidence, however, that he finally found a war that he believed in.

Although he had scorned a commission, the Philippine insurrection in 1899 called him into the service as an enlisted man, soon to be made a corporal in the 23rd Infantry. His football reputation followed him into the army. One day he was doing sentry duty at a post in the island of Jolo when an officer asked him if he was any relation to Arthur Poe.

"Yes, sir. Brother," said the corporal.

"Brother, eh? Well, your brother won the football game."

And Corporal Poe had to go on walking post for four mortal hours before he could get down to the company canteen and see the letters and papers that told how his younger brother had kicked a goal from the field in the last minute of play against Yale.

In the Philippines, as in Cuba, this fighting man had no trouble getting into the service, but getting into a fight was something else. Months dragged by and he wearied of the unending garrison service with no smell of powder except on the rifle range. So he bought his freedom from the unexpired time of this enlistment. The story of the next few years is almost pathetic. So much fighting spirit and nowhere to spend it. He went into the Marine Corps for action on the Isthmus of Panama—and didn't get it. It was action he wanted all the time, not pay or glory or rank. The story is

told of him that when he went into the Corps, Col. Waller, then in command, offered to make him a corporal. Johnny demurred that he didn't know enough to be a corporal. "Don't know enough?" quoth Waller. "You know more than most of my lieutenants." "I know," said Johnny, "but you *must* know something to be a corporal." In spite of that, he was a sergeant before his term of service ended.

Then there was the time that he enlisted in the Kentucky militia to get into a feud war that had called the National Guard into one of the mountain counties of that state.

He had seen something of the mining country of Nevada, then enjoying a boom, and when fighting faded over his horizon he turned back to that desert country. On the other side of Death Valley was Echo Canyon, a new camp. Poe hiked twenty-five miles through the blazing desert and reached the diggings thoroughly equipped with a toothbrush, a comb, a towel, and a silver soapbox. Soon after his arrival Old Man Hicks, a polite old fellow with a jail record in Idaho for killing his man in a saloon brawl, viewed the soapbox reposing on a rock near a washbasin and drawled out, "Who brought his trunk? Is it non-explosive?" On the way across Death Valley Poe looked up the mine reported by "Death Valley" Scotty, then receiving great publicity in the newspapers because of his story of a rich strike. All he found were three empty money chests of the kind used by express companies for the shipment of gold.

In 1907 word came of a promising war between

Nicaragua and Honduras. This threw gold mining into the shade for the time being, and the restless wanderer took ship for Nicaragua. The boat touched first at Honduras, and Johnny decided that a war in sight was worth two over the border. So he enlisted in the Honduran army and found himself a captain and in command of a gun in the defense of Amapala. It was a far cry from the days of Walker, the Filibuster, but El Capitan Poey, as the Hondurans called him, would have found many kindred spirits in the ranks that followed that little fighter.

There was a humorous anti-climax to the Honduran episode. When the war unraveled itself the ex-captain elected to make his way out of Honduras by way of Nicaragua, the late enemy country. He was in danger of being arrested as a spy and introduced to the interior of a Nicaraguan jail. In his extremity he appealed to the commander of the U. S. gunboat *Princeton* for passage home. The name of the boat must have seemed a good omen. The captain evidently knew his man and his background, and readily consented if Poe hadn't too much baggage. "I haven't much," said Poe. "Well, about how much?" the captain insisted. "Only fifty-four pieces," drawled Johnny. The captain gasped. But he was game. "Let's see them," he said. "Perhaps we can do it anyway." Johnny kicked the battered handbag lying on the wharf at his feet. It fell open and there were the fifty-four pieces—a pair of socks and a pack of cards.

Down to date his experience had been unique. He was a veteran of five wars and in only one had he seen

any fighting. But the curtain was almost ready to rise on the biggest scene of all. There was a brief intermission while he coached football at Princeton and dug gold in Nevada. Thomas Riggs, another Princeton man, was in charge of the American survey party that was co-operating with the Canadians in cutting a line through to the Arctic marking the boundary between Alaska and Canada. Poe joined this, and the work carried him nearly two hundred miles north of the Klondike and filled two years of his life.

When midsummer of 1914 shocked the world with news that Armageddon had come, Poe had been back in his Nevada mining camps for two years. The one word WAR was enough for him. He landed in England in September and became a soldier in the British army, and in a few weeks was in France. His first billet was in the heavy artillery, which did not please him. He had enlisted for a fight, and doing it at a range of eight to ten thousand yards after the fashion of a mechanic tending a steam shovel was not his idea of excitement. So he applied for a transfer to the infantry. It was a singular coincidence that his next step landed him in the Black Watch, a Scottish regiment with a record of glory in every war that the English flag had seen for a hundred and fifty years.

Soon after his transfer he wrote to a college friend in America: "I did not care for the heavy artillery but do like the Black Watch, though I find the broad Scotch difficult to understand. The Black Watch made a fine charge on May 9, carrying a trench after several other regiments had failed to do so. The pipers played

the 'Highland Laddie.' I was not in the battalion then, so what Ahab, King of Israel, said unto Ben Adad, King of Assyria, applies in my case."

[And the King of Israel answered and said, Tell him, Let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself as he that putteth it off. I Kings 20:11.]

At the end of this letter there is a characteristic observation: "The prevailing type of man in the Black Watch is short and stocky. There are many shorter even than I am."

Death came to him in action, as he would have chosen. It was September 25, 1915, almost exactly a year from the day he had taken the King's shilling.

Johnny Poe was an adventurer with the old blood in his veins. But he was more. His letters show a background of thought and reading unusual in a man of action. It was no ordinary man who wrote this paragraph: "Though living side by side with wife-deserters, crooks, a child-murderer, and some of the scum of the earth (this was in one of the Nevada gold camps), I think the fact of being a Princeton man was as a pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night in keeping me from sinking to their level, and the knowledge that old Mother Princeton wishes to believe of her sons as Isabella of Croix did of Quentin Durward, 'If I hear not of you soon, and that by the trumpet of fame, I'll conclude you dead, but not unworthy.' I suspect some of the '95 men have feared I have taken as awkward a way of gratifying this wish as did the recruit when he loaded his rifle by shoving the cartridge down the muzzle, and when reproved by his sergeant

replied, 'There is more than one way of loading a rifle.' "

From the same camp he wrote of his surroundings: "We are six thousand feet high here and in the midst of a desert. No trees or grass! Water costs one dollar per barrel. The scenery reminds me a good deal of the Red Sea shores with Mt. Sinai looming up, where, as a tough soldier once said, 'Col. Moses went up to get them ten general orders.' Some people would think this the place where 'nobody don't live and dogs bark at strangers,' but I like it."

His last letter to his Princeton classmates ended with the toast of the ranchmen and miners of the old days. "I looks toward you and likewise bows. I hope I sees you well." And it came with good grace from his unconquerable spirit.

There were many tributes paid to his memory when word came back from France that the stocky little fighter had fought his last battle. A verse from a poem by "The Bentztown Bard" in the Baltimore *Sun,* Poe's home town when he had one, gives the keynote:

Somewhere in France a brave heart beats no more,
Somewhere in France he made his final score;
On with the Black Watch, charging brave and grim—
Somewhere in France—and all so much like him
To die adventuring to the soul's high notch—
Our own loved soldier of the brave Black Watch.

VII

SCOTT OF THE ANTARCTIC

Never, perhaps, has such a universal thrill of sympathy and sorrow run through the world as that which late in 1912 followed the announcement of the death of Captain Robert Falcon Scott and his companions in the British South Polar Expedition of 1911–12. Scott and several of his companions were experienced in Polar work. He had been in command of the 1901 expedition when the farthest south up to that time was reached. His experience on that occasion had fully prepared him for further attempts. With the exception of Admiral Peary and Captain Amundsen, there was no one in the world more fitted to deal with the severe problems that the Antarctic region presents.

His expedition had been prepared with all the care that experience, knowledge, and forethought could command. The world had been ransacked for the best that it had to offer of equipment and method. The personnel was picked with reference to every difficulty that could arise. The route over which they were to travel to the Pole was known, the same as that which Shackleton had traversed three years before when he came within a hundred miles of the goal. And the result was success, overclouded with the supreme tragedy of polar exploration.

Robert Falcon Scott was born to the sea. The place of his birth was Devonport, hard by Plymouth whence Drake had sailed to meet the Armada and where many of the great sea adventures of Elizabeth's time had their beginning. It was from this same port of Plymouth that the little *Mayflower* cleared in 1620. When he was thirteen years old he became a naval cadet on the *Britannia* and passed in due course through the lower grades of the service. The development of the torpedo interested him, and he presently became a specialist and an expert in this branch of the service. In 1900 he was made a commander, and at the end of that year took leave of absence to prepare for his work as captain of the *Discovery* expedition of 1901–2 to the Antarctic.

Even as late as this, practically nothing was known of the South Polar continent. There had been many expeditions, Kemp, Wilkes, Nares, Drygalski, Ross, Weddell, Cook, Borchgrevink, and many more, but few of them had done more than land on the shore of this bleak land, and many not even that. The 1901 expedition was in some sense an amateur effort. Practically none of the men had had real polar experience, and all had much to learn of the practical side of the work. The second in command was Lieut. Armitage, but the most important member of the party next to the captain was Lieut. Shackleton, who later acquired a high reputation for his work in command of his own party. He was a product of the merchant marine and at this time also untried in polar work.

The *Discovery,* as the ship was called, had an easy

voyage south, touching land first at Cape Crozier, due south from New Zealand, and cruising eastward along the Barrier Ice that Ross had found here in 1839. The first event of importance was the discovery of King Edward VII land, which Ross had reported sixty-two years before as the "appearance" of land. This part of the voyage was full of thrills for the untried mariners in these dangerous waters. On one occasion the ship was lost like a man in a dense woods. The weather was thick with puffy winds, the compass behaved badly, and in attempting to dodge through the open lanes among the ice floes Scott discovered that they had made a complete circle and were in process of describing another when he came on deck.

On this cruise observations were made of the surface of the Barrier Ice, both by short trips from the ship and also from a captive balloon which had been brought for that purpose. Their first winter quarters provided plenty of work and also some amusement. Ship and huts were both soon drifted over with snow, and frequent blizzards made winter travel intermittent and dangerous. On one occasion a party returning to the ship was caught in a blizzard and made the fatal mistake of abandoning the sledge and dogs, under the impression that they were nearly home. Three of the men fell over a cliff, fortunately landing on a snow-covered ledge. Another, Vince, was not so lucky and was lost in the sea at the foot of the cliff. The only sensible man in this party seems to have been "Young" Evans who wandered back to the sledge and lay down in the snow. He was soon drifted over and

stayed there for forty hours, without food, suffering no harm except such inconvenience as extreme hunger causes.

In his journal Scott makes frequent mention of their ignorance of proper methods. Many did not even know how to adjust their clothing properly for the high winds and low temperatures that they encountered. But they learned fast. Fortunately their equipment was adequate, and they soon learned its proper use. Early in November, 1902, Scott, Shackleton, and Dr. E. A. Wilson set out on their southern trip. They apparently had little serious expectation of reaching the Pole, but they were anxious to set a new southern mark. This they did at 83° South Latitude, far surpassing the attempts of any previous explorers. They had covered 350 miles in 59 days, and on the back trail they did the distance in 34 days. As polar trips go it was not unduly difficult, although Shackleton broke down on the return trip and had to be sent out with the relief ship *Morning* before the next winter. There was another winter of observation and research, and late in October, 1903, Scott made a long journey to the west in what is called South Victoria Land. He succeeded in reaching a point three hundred miles from the ship at an altitude of nine thousand feet. They were back in England early in 1904, and Scott was given the rank of Captain for his Antarctic work.

Now comes a gap of six years, during which he was occupied with the routine work of a naval officer in active service. Antarctic interest was growing, how-

ever, and his eyes kept turning to the southward. In 1908 this was intensified by Shackleton's exploit in reaching 88° 23′ South, only about a hundred miles from the Pole. Then in 1909 came the announcement of Peary's success at 90° North. It was inevitable that a man whose appetite had been whetted by one successful trip should dare fate again. Plans were begun late in 1909, a ship secured, the *Terra Nova*, equipment was brought together, and the officers and crew selected. One of the important members was Dr. E. A. Wilson, who had been with Scott in the southward journey in 1902.

It was late in November, 1910, early in the Antarctic summer, that the *Terra Nova* sailed from Lyttleton, New Zealand, bound for Ross Island, at the margin of the Barrier Ice. The problem of Antarctic exploration is doubly harder than of the Arctic. In the first place, home ports from which the start may be made are more remote than is the case in the north. Then the South Pole lies in the middle of a frozen continent at an altitude of nearly ten thousand feet, involving an overland march of nearly a thousand miles. In the north, Admiral Peary was able to lay his ship in winter quarters only about five hundred miles from the pole itself. This great polar continent is lined with glaciers, and these in turn with the belt of Barrier Ice which rises in great cliffs around practically the whole polar coast. In the north the problem of travel over the sea ice that surrounds the Pole is largely one of avoidance of open leads and luck in finding weather conditions that permit of travel. Temperatures do not

vary greatly north or south, but there is one important difference. In the Arctic the extremely low temperatures are seldom accompanied by winds and are frequently periods of dead calm. In the Antarctic there are frequent storms characterized by intense cold and wind of such velocity as to make travel unthinkable. The high altitude reached on the summit plateau aggravates this condition, and makes a still greater drag on vitality. Then, too, the South is practically barren of land-animal life that can be made to supply food. Seals are abundant in places and there are penguins and gulls. But there is nothing to compare with the herds of musk ox that Arctic explorers have found on the Arctic islands. There are no bears, neither smaller animals such as foxes or hares. Once away from the Antarctic shore the continent that surrounds the Pole is empty of every form of life.

It was necessary to use the greatest care in selecting the place for the base camp from which the dash to the Pole was to be made. The *Discovery* expedition had wintered at what had come to be called Hut Point on the southern end of Ross Island. This lies directly south of New Zealand and is separated from the Barrier Ice by only four or five miles of water that is by turns open sea and packed with floe ice. Captain Scott had the most active memory of the miserable winter that had been passed at Hut Point, open as it was to the full sweep of the prevailing winter winds with no safe anchorage for the ship. He hoped to find a more sheltered lee in another part of the island,

but in other respects his plans were similar to those that had been laid for the earlier effort.

Almost as soon as they cleared from the last New Zealand port disaster threatened them. They ran into heavy gales, and were compelled to heave to while seas, mountain-high, poured over the rail. The men on deck were at times buried waist or neck deep in green water. Everything that was not lashed fast fetched loose, and there were times when the bags of extra coal that were piled on deck threatened to batter away the upper works. To add to their troubles the steam pumps clogged, and the water rose above the engine-room gratings. A little more and the ship would have been nothing but a water-logged hulk drifting helpless in the trough and sagging down to her end on the bottom.

The hand pumps could make no head against the water that was pouring in at every plunge, and the Chief Engineer reported that he must soon draw the fires to prevent an explosion. A bucket line was set at work, and this apparently futile effort was just enough to hold level with the seas and even to gain a little. In the respite that this gave, a volunteer force dug through the coal in the bunkers that surrounded the pump well and finally managed to clear the suction and get the steam pumps going. They clogged again and were cleared again. So they won through till the gale moderated and that danger was past.

Their first sight of Antarctic land was the two sinister peaks of Erebus and Terror rising on Ross Island. To the westward lay McMurdo Sound where they

hoped to find a safe anchorage and a sheltered spot for their winter camp. This was found at Cape Evans on the western side of the island. It was far better than the southern point where they had wintered ten years before. Eastward the Barrier Ice stretched for four hundred miles with few breaks in its line of cliffs where loaded parties could ascend. In the course of landing, Ponting, the photographer of the expedition, had a narrow escape. He was standing on an ice-floe near the ship when Scott saw a school of killer whales approaching. These are appropriately called the tigers of the sea. They far surpass the shark in size and strength, and are fully equal in ferocity. As they neared the floe Ponting ran to the edge of it to secure photographs. The killers dived beneath, and in an instant the floe was broken in pieces as they rose under it, driving their powerful heads and backs against it. Ponting fortunately escaped by the luck of being on one of the larger pieces from which he was able to reach the ship, but there was no question in Scott's mind, as he watched, that the killers were deliberately attacking the man.

The most important work of this first Antarctic summer was the laying of depots to the southward to aid in the dash for the Pole that was to be made a year later. While one party did this under the direction of Scott, another worked to the eastward, partly for the purpose of exploring the edge of the Barrier Ice in this direction and partly to make scientific observations of wind and current conditions. The depot parties used ponies and dogs for transport purposes,

and traveled mostly at night when the harder snow made sledging easier. The farthest depot was established at 79° 28½′, approximately six hundred and thirty miles in an airline from the Pole. The work was carried on with few incidents except that on the return journey to Cape Evans one of the dog teams fell into a crevasse in a glacier and was recovered only after hard and fast work on the part of the men in charge. At the finish it was necessary to lower Scott sixty feet into the chasm to rescue two of the dogs that had dropped out of their harness.

There was bad news for them, though, when their comrades of the eastern party rejoined them at the base camp. Captain Amundsen's Norwegian party was established at the Bay of Whales, east of Ross Island, and a hundred and twenty-six miles nearer the Pole. This was a distressing confirmation of rumors that had reached them before they left New Zealand. Nothing was known for certain of how soon their rivals would make their start for the Pole. Whatever might be the facts as to this, it was futile for the Englishmen to attempt to hurry their preparations. A Polar dash, however thrilling it may sound at a safe distance, is in reality a slow crawl of a few miles a day over a surface that makes every step almost a matter for individual judgment. Under such conditions fifteen miles a day is a long march, and an average of ten maintained throughout the whole campaign is as much as can be hoped for in safety under ordinary conditions. To make even this possible careful preparations must be made, depots set up, men, dogs, and

ponies especially trained, equipment thoroughly overhauled, and observations compiled and analyzed. It was futile, then, to attempt to hurry the preliminary stages. If the Norwegians beat them to the goal they could only wish them good luck and Godspeed.

Before the first summer was over they had begun to have doubts of the value of their Siberian ponies. These required a large quantity of food in that hard climate, and their strength failed rapidly on short rations. Three of them out of the original nineteen were lost on drift ice in McMurdo Sound, and two more perished in a blizzard. The motor sledges, of which they had brought three, were also tried out with mixed results. The best results were with the dogs, which had been the universal experience in the Arctic.

The winter storms came on early in 1911, and on the way back the depot party were stormbound at the old Discovery hut at Hut Point. It was a bleak and cruel place, and they were ill prepared for such an experience. But Scott's diary makes light of the hardships. In fact, the performance of the blubber stove which smoked them into the semblance of negroes excites more comment than did the more serious side of this uncomfortable vacation. "We are all as black as sweeps and our various garments are covered with oily soot. We look a fearful gang of ruffians."

It was April 13 when they landed back at Cape Evans with all hands in good health but with nine ponies now missing out of the original nineteen. St. George's day, April 23, was the last day of sun. Now the Antarctic night shut down, and for nearly six

months there would be no more light than an occasional drear twilight and the regular visits of the moon. But it was not a winter of idleness or of discontent. Scott makes frequent reference to the cheerful, willing spirit of all the men. There was no quarreling, no soldiering. Each man had his tasks to accomplish. A pit was kept open through the ice of McMurdo Sound for a tidal gauge. Telephone wires were strung to both these points and eventually to the old hut at Hut Point, some fifteen miles away.

Everyone was busy with his appointed tasks—study of geology, meteorology, ice behavior, winds and currents, bird life. Careful observations were made of diet and its effect on both men and animals. Ponies and dogs must be exercised regularly. Scott experimented with the possibility of keeping himself warm in a hole dug in the snow in extreme cold and found, as the dogs already knew, that even low temperatures could be endured. Debenham invented what he called a wheeled sledge for use on hard surface where the glide was poor for runners. Seaman Evans designed a new type of ski boots and binding that permitted the use of a soft sole with many foot coverings. Dr. Atkinson worked out an improvement on the blubber stove that had given them so much trouble at Hut Point. Nearly every evening there were lectures and conferences on all imaginable subjects connected with their daily work or any other subject for which the lecturer offered special knowledge or experience. Ponting gave picture shows that ranged from the sizzling tropics to themselves in the frozen south.

One diversion was a midwinter trip by Dr. Wilson, Lieut. Bowers, and Cherry-Garrard to the Emperor penguin rookery on the east side of Ross Island. They were absent five weeks, and they were weeks of struggle through blizzards in intense cold. The lowest point reached was seventy-seven degrees below zero, a hundred and nine degrees of frost. Amundsen had experienced seventy-nine degrees below in the Arctic, but in a dead calm. This was with a puffy wind that struck like a bullet. In one storm their tent blew away, and they lay in their sleeping bags under a blanket of snow for forty-eight hours without food. Fortunately, when the storm moderated they recovered their tent and returned to safety.

As spring approached in October, active preparations for the polar march began. A practice march was made to the western mountains with ponies and dogs. The men traveled on skis. A distance of a hundred and seventy-five miles was covered in ten marches, which indicates that men and animals were in splendid condition for the supreme test.

November first was the day of the start for the great goal. Here is the program that these men had set for themselves: 424 miles over the Barrier Ice to the foot of the great Beardmore Glacier; then 125 miles on the glacier, rising to an altitude of 8,000 feet. The final stretch was 353 miles on the summit plateau at an altitude that ranged from 8,000 to 10,500 feet. To this should be added 21 miles that must be covered from the base camp at Cape Evans to the Barrier face. It was a round trip of 1,846 miles that they had set

themselves to make, a task that called for all that they had of skill, knowledge, strength, and fortitude.

The motor sledges led off the procession with extra supplies with which to make caches along the way for the return trip. The ponies and dogs followed, intent on the same task. Last of all marched the polar party, five men selected for the last hard marches. They were Captain Scott, Dr. Wilson, Lieut. Bowers, Petty Officer Evans, and Captain Oates. On their shoulders would fall the final burden when the last supporting party turned back. It was to be a lonely march, with no relief except from within themselves until they should find themselves back at One-Ton Camp, the farthest south of the depots established the previous summer, 175 miles from the base camp. Their schedule called for them to be at this point early in March.

At the outset the motor sledges balked in the extreme cold, cylinder heads cracked, and they were abandoned one by one. This threw additional burdens on the dogs and ponies, and on the men. Head winds prevailed, and one by one the ponies failed and were killed to furnish food for the dogs. The last ponies perished at the foot of the glacier at Shambles Camp. Now it was the men and dogs. This was December 10.

The journal of the days over the glacier is a tale of heartbreaking effort over crevasses, around upheaved masses of rock and ice, usually against head winds, always in severe cold. Already the struggle was beginning to tell on the men, but the dogs plodded faithfully along. The last supporting party turned back on January 4. This was about latitude 88°.

From here it was man power alone. By airline to the Pole the distance was a hundred and twenty miles. And there remained the long pull back to One-Ton Camp, the nearest point at which they could expect to find relief. They were setting themselves to a march of over eight hundred and fifty miles, with nothing but their own stout hearts and bodies to see them through. Added to this was the danger of missing the back trail and losing the reserve food supply that the caches held.

The hard going continued after they left the glaciers. There were no crevasses, but the wind had blown the snow into hard, sharp ridges, the kind that mountaineers call sastrugi, and these caught at the runners of the sledges and the skis of the men. Sand was mixed with the snow in places, and in days of intense cold snow crystals formed that dragged almost as badly as the sand. Still they settled a little tighter in their self-imposed collars and kept on.

Scott's journal gives brief flashes of this wearing toil.

"Only eighty-five miles from the Pole, but it's going to be a stiff pull both ways."

"Can we keep this up for seven days? It takes it out of us like anything."

"It is going to be a close thing."

"Well, another day with double figures and a bit over. The chance holds."

On January 15 they made their last cache. From here it was veritably a dash. Their observations showed that they should be not more than two days' march from the ultimate south. Here is the entry.

"Four days food and a sundry or two." . . . "We ought to do it now."

The next day was one of poignant tragedy. At the moment when they were buoyed up by the hope of success that rendered their toil and suffering of the past two months and a half of little meaning, they came upon the unmistakable signs of a camp not more than two months old. There were sledge and ski tracks and the footprints of dogs—many dogs—all pointing toward the Pole. The Norwegians had been before them. It was heartbreaking, but they kept on. January 17 their observations showed that they had reached their goal of 90° South, but the Norwegian flag that was flying there was a bitter sight. In the tent that still stood they found a record of the date of December 16, 1911. They had lost by only thirty days. There was also a letter to King Haakon of Norway with a request to Scott that he send it on its way. This was the crowning touch of tragedy, but the letter was to reach its destination, although with sickening delay. The Englishmen gulped down their disappointment and built a cairn of stones on which they planted the Union Jack to fly alongside the banner of Norway. The North had conquered the South and the brave souls of two nations testified to the fact.

The story of the return trip is fragmentary but graphic. Evidently the Norwegians, traveling faster and by a slightly different route, had found all the conditions favorable. The weather had been mild, the dogs had good footing, and the ski runners, experts all of them, had covered the ground at a pace far

greater than had been possible for Scott and his men. Amundsen had made the trip to the pole and back to the base camp in ninety-nine days, an average speed of 22.1 miles a day. The Englishmen had been two months and a half on their outward trip and they could hardly hope to better it on the return, even with good conditions. Conditions were anything but good, but in spite of this they drove their tired bodies unflaggingly. They had been twenty-five days on the outward trip from the edge of the glacier to the Pole. They did it on the back trail in twenty-one. This, in spite of the fact that the last ten marches on the outward way had been down-hill with a drop of a thousand feet. This slope they climbed on the way out, in the face of a wind that now blew almost steadily from the north. Here again luck was against them. At that time of the year the prevailing Antarctic winds are usually southerly. So Amundsen and his men had found them. Scott's party was just too late for this favorable slant and found it blowing in their faces. "Nearly seven weeks in low temperature with almost incessant wind," is Scott's curt weather report of the days on the plateau.

Hardly had they set foot on the glacier when new disaster befell them. Scott and Evans dropped through a snow bridge into a crevasse, and Evans was badly hurt. He struggled on but finally gave out on February 17 and died that night. They had missed one of the food caches and were marching on short rations. Shambles Camp at the edge of the glacier gave them abundance of pony meat for rebuilding, but

the weather held bad. In addition to head winds, temperatures continued low, ranging from thirty-two to forty below. With grim humor Scott records the fact that a rise to twenty below zero was a welcome relief. From here on it was a desperate plod with hope dying hard. The snow crystals that formed on the surface made the sledges drag heavily and still further reduced the vitality of already weakened men. In spite of this fact, out of fifteen marches on the surface of the Barrier Ice, six averaged thirteen miles each and five were for ten miles each. These distances would have been good under far better conditions and they were dragging their sledges with the camp equipment, instruments, and such reserve food supply as they could command.

The stage was being set for the final scene. Captain Oates was badly handicapped by frozen feet and physical weakness. Fuel was low so there was little chance for warmth at night except in their sleeping bags. On March 5 Scott notes "poor Oates nearly done." He asked his comrades for advice, and there was but one answer. Keep on. He could hardly travel, much less drag his share of the load, but he kept on. Five days later Scott wrote, "We have seven days food and should be about 55 miles from One-Ton Camp tonight; $6 \times 7 = 42$, leaving us thirteen miles short of our distance, even if things get no worse." . . . "I doubt if we can possibly do it."

Things grew worse, fatally worse. The next day it was 43° below at noon, still with head wind, and the march was painfully short. On the fifteenth there

is a brief entry that Oates begged them to leave him in his sleeping bag. Of course they refused. The entry of March 17 tells how Oates came to the end of the trail: "He was a brave soul. This was the end. He slept through the night yesterday—hoping not to wake, but he woke in the morning. It was blowing a blizzard. He said, 'I am just going outside and may be gone some time.' He went out into the blizzard and we have not seen him since." "Some time" was eternity.

For two days more the little group, now only three, dragged on for short, cruel marches. On March 18 they came to their last camping ground. Two days' supply of food and one allowance of fuel were left to them, and the comparative abundance of One-Ton Camp was eleven miles away. This distance that is only a short breath to the speeding motorist on a concrete road in comfortable America was half the world away to those weary men staggering over the Barrier Ice.

The last camp was pitched in the midst of a blizzard that made further travel impossible. For ten days it raged, and the men lay in their little tent and waited. It was death to take to the trail and death if they stayed. Probably toward the end they could hardly have moved had the weather been the best that could have been hoped.

The date of the last entry was March 29: "Every day we have been ready to start for our depot eleven miles away, but outside the door of the tent it remains a scene of whirling drift. I do not think we can hope

for any better things now." It was the commander's farewell. Then he wrote his Message to the Public. In this he summarized the causes of failure—snow, cold, head-wind: "We are weak, writing is difficult, but for my own sake I do not regret this journey, which has shown that Englishmen can endure hardships, help one another, and meet death with as great a fortitude as ever in the past. Had we lived I should have had a tale to tell of the hardihood, endurance, and courage of my companions, which would have stirred the heart of every Englishman. These rough notes and our dead bodies must tell the tale, but surely, surely, a great rich country like ours will see that those who are dependent upon us are properly provided for."

Cherry-Gerrard had waited with his dog teams at One-Ton Camp from March 4 to 10, ready to lift them back to the base camp. He waited beyond the scheduled time, waited till it was too late to get the *Terra Nova* clear before the ice pack closed in for another winter, waited till he had barely food enough to see him and his animals through to Cape Evans. Then he turned northward again, barely in time to get through himself.

One effort was made by a party from the base camp to find them before the long winter shut down. Then there was nothing for the survivors to do but wait till the return of the sun gave them leave to travel again. It was not until October 30 that Dr. Atkinson was able to set out from Hut Point for his sad hunt along the Polar trail. On November 12 they caught sight

of the little tent still standing on the wide stretch of frozen snow. It had guarded the sleepers faithfully through the long night.

Lieut. Wright, a Canadian from Toronto, was the first to pull the flap aside and look in. The three men were lying as though asleep. Scott, evidently the last to die, was outside his sleeping bag. Dr. Wilson and Lieut. Bowers were in their bags carefully covered up. Their position indicated that after his comrades died Scott had crawled to them and drawn the coverings over them. Then he had gone back and died half sitting with his back against the tent pole as though to face the Great Intruder that he knew was coming. His journal lay by his side with its curt record of struggle, victory, and defeat. There was no moan in all its scribbled pages, merely the plain record of what they had endured and how they had come to the end, and a calm acceptance of the verdict. And for this reason it was all the more a record of the fact that Englishmen could "meet death with as great a fortitude as ever in the past."

Two years later thousands of their fellow-countrymen were to write their names on the same record in Flanders and in France, but not all the brave blood that was spilled there can wipe out the memory of what these men did in the Antarctic.

The men of the rescue party buried their bodies under a cairn of snow and ice, and fixed at the top of it two skis in the shape of a cross. On one of them was written this inscription: "To seek, to strive, to find, and not to yield." A fruitless search was made

along the back trail for the body of Captain Oates. The Barrier Ice still holds the secret of his burial place. Near where they calculated he must have gone out to his death they built a cairn and gave it this epitaph: "Hereabouts died a very gallant gentleman."

This tale of effort and tragic success—for they did succeed—gives the final answer to those feeble souls who ask "What's the use of polar exploration?" If your mind is intent only on the balance sheet side of life, if you spell success in terms of profit and loss, if you value comfort above striving and the gain beyond the game, then the answer to you is, "There is no use." But if the vision of Scott and his men, lost and hopeless, still toiling through the horror of the Antarctic, calm in their courage, with no regret or complaint, lifts your head a little higher and quickens the beat of your pulse a trifle, you have found in your own heart the all-sufficient answer. "To seek, to strive, to find, and not to yield." No finer epitaph could be written for a brave man and his brave comrades.

VIII

RAJAH BROOKE OF SARAWAK

Englishmen have ruled alien races in all sorts of ways and under all sorts of titles. So far as the records show, however, there is only one case of an Englishman bearing the title of Rajah by right of native selection and with full power of transmission to his next of blood. That man is James Brooke, Rajah of Sarawak. Sarawak is now a British dependency, but the Brookes still bear the title. They have earned it, for had it not been for the first Brooke, Sarawak would in all likelihood be Dutch today instead of British.

The story of that first Brooke is almost ancient history now, so fast time runs, but the East remembers better than the West. And it will be long before the children and children's children of the men who fought against and under him forget him.

From his earliest days James Brooke had the sea in his blood. Even as a schoolboy he was a skillful sailor, and at Norwich Grammar School he saved another boy from drowning under a capsized boat by diving after him and dragging his senseless body out. He was restless at home and soon left school of his own accord. His father was in the service of the East

India Company, and the youngster was made an Ensign in Bengal at the age of sixteen. His career as a subordinate in any capacity was bound to be brief. He was wounded in action in the Burmese war of 1825 and resigned from the service in 1831 at the age of twenty-eight.

From that date begins his career as a free lance in a troubled world. In fact, it began before he reached England after leaving the East India Company. Sailings from the East were irregular in those days, and he went to the Chinese port of Canton to get passage home in a tea clipper. The Chinese hated all Europeans and there were frequent clashes between the men of the two races. The Viceroy at Canton had forbidden white women to enter the port and sought to expel the only one resident there. In revenge Brooke and two or three companions, equally reckless, disguised themselves as Chinese and entered the native city during the Feast of Lanterns, a thing that was forbidden to all foreigners. It was a daredevil act without reason or justification. Once in the forbidden area they threw off their disguises and broke some of the sacred lanterns. In the riot that followed they were fortunate to escape with their lives.

This episode was only a gesture. He still had no notion of where his future was to lie. Back in England, he thought of many things, none of them particularly useful or attractive to the average man. One of his plans was for a whaling trip to Greenland. Another was to land him as a settler in Van Diemen's Land, south of Australia, then a savage wilderness.

His experiences in the East suggested also a privateering cruise against the Dutch in the East Indies. At no time was he friendly to the thrifty Hollander as a colonist or trader.

Later in life, he said of himself that his feet were never cheerful and buoyant except at sea. After knocking about England for a time, meditating many wild adventures, but perpetrating none, he persuaded his father to help him buy and outfit the *Findlay,* a two-hundred-and-ninety-ton schooner. In these days when a vessel of a thousand tons is little more than a toy in freight carrying, the idea of loading cargo on such a tiny craft is not much better than a joke. But that was what Brooke did. He sailed for the East in 1834. Of course the voyage was a failure, not so much because of the size of the vessel but for the reason that Brooke was no trader. All that he gained was a brief satisfaction of his hunger for the sea and the East.

A year later his father died and he came into an inheritance of thirty thousand pounds sterling. That was something of a fortune then, and with this amount a man might hope to conquer at least enough of the world to give himself elbow-room. Here was Brooke's big chance, and he was not slow in seizing it. The next schooner he bought was even smaller than the *Findlay,* the *Royalist,* 142 tons. She carried a crew of twenty men. With this cockle shell and his handful of men Brooke planned to upset the Dutch power in Borneo and plant the English flag there.

At that time the Dutch were the only European

nation with a firm foothold in this great island lying across the Equator to the east of the Malay Peninsula and Sumatra. It is the second largest island in the world, ranking next to Australia, with a coast line nearly six thousand miles in extent. The Dutch grip was none too firm in Brooke's time, and the real rulers of the island were the pirates who raided foreigners and natives alike. Head-hunting was a logical incident of all native wars, and between times ambitious young men practised it privately to prove their courage and skill. The scale of life was low, and the native rulers kept their hold largely through ability to lead their people in raids on Chinese traders or helpless jungle villages. The Sea Dyaks were the most able and warlike of them all. The ruling religion was Mohammedan, and is still for the matter of that. There was some talk of gold deposits in various parts of the island, but the principal product was antimony, a substance much valued as a metal alloy and occasionally used in medicine.

Brooke's voyage to the east was a leisurely one. He ran across to the coast of Brazil to touch at Rio Janeiro, then headed eastward around the Cape of Good Hope. At Singapore he picked up eight natives for his crew. These were Orang-Lauts (Men of the Sea) as distinguished from the Orang-Utans (Men of the Woods). Here he heard more talk of the antimony mines of Sarawak, the province lying along the northwestern coast of Borneo. He learned also that the Rajah of Sarawak was unfriendly to the Dutch. This fitted in admirably with Brooke's own ideas and

he decided to have a look. It was in August, 1839, that the *Royalist* sailed up the Sarawak River and dropped anchor off Kuching, the Rajah's capital. The ruling Rajah was a young man, Muda Hassim, a futile person, surrounded by a group of bloodthirsty uncles who were constantly plotting his death that they might fight each other for control. His greatest safeguard was their mutual distrust.

The Rajah received Brooke in royal state, in his bamboo palace supported on stakes. But apparently it was a dignified and impressive ceremony for all that. Hassim was anxious to know all about the relative strength of the English and Dutch. Which was the cat and which the rat? Brooke pretended to consider and gave it as his profound conclusion that England was really the cat. There was a return call on board the *Royalist* and a call by Brooke on Mohammed, the brother of the Rajah. Mohammed was lazy and kept the Englishman waiting. Brooke stamped on the floor and sent word to his unmannerly host that if he did not come forth his guest would come and get him. Mohammed promptly appeared, much frightened and stammering apologies, backed though he was by a hundred men to Brooke's one.

There was a war going on in the interior of Sarawak and Brooke questioned the Rajah about it. Hassim waved the question aside. "Merely child's play," he said. It was uncertain whether this was the truth or a part of the Rajah's plan to use his English visitor to demonstrate his own power. However, Brooke determined to see something of the country and satisfy

himself as to conditions. Accordingly he took five men in his ship's long boat, with a Malay guide, and set out, accompanied by Illudren, a subordinate official, in a native boat. The first day was eighteen hours down the Sarawak to the sea and up another river, the Samarahan, to Samarahan village. This was the end of the trip. Illudren developed nervousness and insisted that they turn back. Then there was a trip up another river, the Lundu, to Si Tudong. This was Brooke's first sight of a purely Dyak village, Kuching being mixed Malay, Chinese, and other races. The four hundred inhabitants of Si Tudong lived in a single house nearly six hundred feet long. In front was a terrace of bamboo fifty feet broad where the people, the pigs, the dogs, and the fowls of the village mixed together. The skulls hanging from the ceiling in the chief's room proved that he was in the land of the head-hunters at last. Again it was Illudren who compelled a return to Kuching.

Hassim had been thinking things over in the meanwhile and had concluded that he could find both security and profit in an arrangement with Brooke. He was willing to trade with the merchants of Singapore, especially since this would annoy the Dutch, and he conferred on Brooke the title of Tuan Besar—Great Sir. This was good enough for a first trip. The *Royalist* headed for Singapore, but on the way they fell in with pirates, and Brooke met the pirate chief at Sadong River—"Stout and resolute looking, and a most polite demeanor, as oily-tongued a cutthroat as a gentleman could wish to associate with."

He had broken the ice in Sarawak. Now he was content to leave the Rajah to think things over and, incidentally, to struggle with his "child's play" war. In the meantime Brooke cruised among the Celebes east of Borneo. It was pleasant going, hunting, collecting specimens of all kinds, entertaining native princes and being entertained by them, but it was only a detour from his main highway.

It was nearly a year from the time of his first visit that he landed back at Kuching. The war was still on and the Rajah's forces seemed to be making little headway. Brooke went out two or three times to see the campaign and found little to observe. The Malay's idea of organized warfare was to lie in safety in entrenchments or behind a bamboo stockade and fire their guns in the air at intervals, filling in the time with gong beating, abuse of the enemy, and prayer. On one occasion a force advancing in what was to be complete quiet revealed their presence to the enemy by the loudness of their prayers. In the firing that followed one man was killed, whereupon his fellows squatted down in the tall grass and said their prayers more loudly than ever. After which they retreated rapidly. At another time a white flag was hoisted and a conference was proposed. The rebels consented, whereupon the proposers feared a trap and decided that it was unsafe to sit down with such a treacherous foe. Finally Brooke lost patience and took twelve members of his crew and one native and charged the rebels in the open. The latter broke and ran at the first shock, and the war was over. This was the final argument

with the Rajah. A man who in half an hour could end a rebellion against which he had been unable to make head in over four years, was a good man to have on his side.

The first step was only a trade agreement, although Hassim talked grandly about the headship of the government and the control of the country. One of his difficulties was with the relatives and councillors who surrounded him and saw their power diminishing as the star of the Englishman rose. Brooke had one sure native, Si Tundo, who had charged with him against the rebels. The others were notable chiefly for the fairness of their speech and the uncertainty of their conduct. While Brooke was absent at Singapore buying another schooner for trading with the island Si Tundo was treacherously killed. When Brooke returned he found that nothing had been done of what had been promised, no house had been built, no warehouse provided, and only one small cargo of antimony was on hand.

When the new schooner, the *Swift,* came in with her cargo of trade goods the Rajah craftily got his hands on the cargo and then waited for Brooke to make the next move. In the meantime Brooke learned that one Makota, "a most mild and gentlemanly rascal," had a hold on the Rajah and would not permit the ratifying of the agreement with Brooke. At this Brooke laid the *Royalist* broadside on to the royal palace, and went ashore to demand the punishment of Makota. The latter saw the point of this argument and abandoned the field. Freed of the influence of his

native advisers, the Rajah turned over the government of Sarawak to Brooke. This was in September, 1841. At the time it happened this step was not so radical as it appears at this distance. Sarawak was bankrupt, and the people were poverty-stricken and restless. The power of the Rajah hardly extended beyond his own palace and was uncertain even there. In turning over the government to Brooke he freed his shoulders of a painful burden and gained for himself the promise of an income from the revenues of Sarawak if Brooke could bring order to that troubled State.

There was plenty of trouble for the new Rajah, but his first official act was to release the wives of rebels held as hostages. This was his own summary of his new kingdom: "Where for the last ten years there has been no government—where intrigue and plunder form the occupation of all the higher classes—where for a poor man to possess anything beyond his clothes is a crime—where lying is a virtue, religion dead, and where cheating is so common I believe a Borneon would rather cheat himself than forbear." The greatest problem was with the pirates. Piracy was an honorable calling through all these waters, and sons followed in the footsteps of their fathers. Some of the chiefs admitted that it was not what it had been in the good old days before British men of war had begun to interfere, but it was still the best profession for an ambitious man who liked active work with a chance of advancement. The Hill Dyaks were in wretched state. Raided by pirates and robbed by those who pretended

to protect them, it mattered little to them which side won.

Brooke held court in Kuching Oriental fashion, and announced a simple code of laws mainly designed to safeguard life and property. A Sakarran chief protested that old customs sanctified by long use could not so easily be thrown aside. "You will give me, your friend, leave to steal a few heads occasionally." Other chiefs begged that they be permitted to hunt heads *somewhere*—a government game preserve in other words. Brooke was obdurate. Piracy and head-hunting must stop. Those who wished to collect heads were advised to go to Singapore and take the heads of the English there. There were many Chinese in the country who alternately oppressed the poorer and were oppressed by the higher classes. One pirate chief who was caught redhanded in a raid on a Chinese settlement expressed his astonishment at the new régime: "What? Am I to be put to death for killing only a few Chinamen!"

Some of the tribes were slow in acknowledging the headship of Brooke. After considerable delay the Sultan of Borneo confirmed the selection, and Hassim called the chiefs together at Kuching to announce the Sultan's decision. According to the custom, dissenters were challenged to declare their opposition. Makota, the mild and gentlemanly rascal, was present as was his right, and there was a dramatic scene when the brothers of Hassim drew their krises and swords and danced around him, daring him to speak. Again Ma-

kota saw the point and held his peace. Thus was Brooke finally placed in his insecure saddle.

The habit of piracy that had been fixed for generations, if not centuries, was hard to break. Early in Brooke's reign H. M. S. *Dido* visited Kuching under the command of his friend, Captain, afterwards Admiral, Keppel. Brooke was on his way up the river accompanied by the boats of the *Dido* filled with armed men. Suddenly from the cover of the wooded banks a fleet of prahus darted out to attack them. Brooke tried to warn them back, but it was of no use, and the volley from the muskets in the British boats killed several of the attackers, among them "an old, wealthy, and respectable friend of Brooke's." It was apparently an amateur effort purely. The pirate blood was still strong in them and they had thought to seize a chance for a quick turn in the business of looting.

More than once the friendly *Dido* came to the aid of Brooke in his war with the pirates. One of the most pestiferous strongholds, that of the Sarebas, was wiped out. Maps and sailing directions were vague and imperfect, which added the charm of uncertainty to the general dangers of these enterprises. Afterwards Captain Keppel said that in one of his expeditions, according to the best Admiralty charts, the *Dido* had sailed over eighty miles of land and the tops of high mountains. On one of her cruises she brought to Sarawak a midshipman named Charles Johnson, the nephew of Brooke, later to be one of the Rajah's most trusted lieutenants under the title of Tuan Muda, and eventually his successor.

Naturally there could not be so much fighting without some echo of it getting back to England and there were many unpleasant rumors. Brooke was accused of oppressing the natives, of paying a bounty for the heads of his enemies, of levying exorbitant taxes, and enriching himself at the expense of the people he governed.

Brooke stated his own attitude simply and plainly. "I am enabled to dispense happiness and peace to many thousand persons. I stand alone; I appeal for assistance and gain none; I have struggled for four years, bearing my life in my hands. I hold a commanding position and influence over the natives; I feel it is my paramount duty to gain protection and some power. I state it in so many plain words, and if, after all, I am left to my own resources the fault of failure is not with me."

Soon after his campaign against the pirates began to be effective, Brooke had assurance of the fruit that often falls to the part of the white man dealing with savage races, his fiercest enemies became his most devoted friends. At one time a group of friendly datus, as the smaller chiefs were called, was encamped with their men across the river from Kuching when the Rajah was entertaining European guests. The English were at dinner in the Rajah's house when Lingire, a Dyak chief, landed with eighty men and announced that he had come for the white Rajah's head. Marching into the palace they squatted around the table waiting for the signal to attack. Brooke assured his guests that there was no danger, and calling

a servant who understood English gave him a message to the friendly datus across the river. Lingire let him pass, thinking that the order had to do with the serving of dinner. In a few minutes Datu Tumangong, a brave old pirate who in his day had raided within the sight of Singapore, the chief European settlement in the Far East, came striding in at the head of thirty men. Lingire still showed fight till another datu appeared at the head of forty more. This was too much like a fair fight and Lingire faded from the scene, reappearing later as a firm friend and follower of Brooke.

Appeals to the Sultan of the Island to help suppress the pirates were of no avail. After one such effort Brooke said of that monarch: "He has the head of an idiot and the heart of a pirate." Nevertheless, progress was made, slowly and with infinite toil and danger. The forces of order were being organized, and peace was dawning in the land. In 1845, four years after Brooke assumed the title, Kuching was four times its former size. There was plenty of food in a land where famine had always been just around the corner. A hundred trading vessels entered Sarawak River in one month where formerly one a month was a rare sight.

It was not all fighting in Sarawak. Brooke soon found that the job of Rajah carried with it many duties that were not at first contemplated. For instance, the case of a man-eating crocodile in one of the rivers near Kuching was brought before him. The reptile was not without his advocates. These argued that the

crocodile was the Rajah among animals and as such was entitled to be treated with honor, even though it might be necessary to kill him. The opposition recognized the force of this argument, but protested that to follow out this plan would be to set a bad example to the other crocodiles who would insist on similar consideration.

Brooke weighed all the arguments gravely and then gave it as his profound conclusion that human beings, whether Rajahs or not, were of more importance than crocodiles, and therefore this particular specimen should be killed without honor. And it was so ordered and done.

Then there was the case of Makota who had opposed him before his elevation to the position of Rajah and had attempted to undermine him afterwards. That old intriguer had fallen on evil days now that his source of income had been destroyed. He besought Brooke to lend him two thousand reals. No. One thousand? No. One Hundred? No. Fifty? No. Five? Still no. The discouraged Makota borrowed three reals from one of the staff on his way out from his audience with the Rajah.

As Brooke's power increased, so also did his enemies at home and abroad. Early in 1846 a thing happened at Brunè, the Sultan's capital, that threatened not only immediate consequences of a serious character, but also was destined to have long echoes. Muda Hassim, after turning over the government to Brooke, had gone to Brunè to be near his relative, the Sultan.

Unfortunately the latter did not share his liking for the English.

At the instigation of the Sultan, Hassim killed Brooke's faithful friend, Budredeen, and all the members of the royal family who were partial to Brooke. The news reached Brooke by a messenger from Budredeen. The latter was barricaded in his house with the messenger and two women who were the only members of his family who had remained faithful to him. He wrote what he knew was his farewell letter to his friend, enclosed with it the signet ring that Brooke had given him as a token of friendship, and the messenger dropped through the floor into the water under the house. Then Budredeen set a match to a keg of powder and blew himself and the two women to bits. In this last message the old man begged Brooke never to forget him and to tell the Queen of England how he died.

Things looked black at Kuching, and the only recourse was to strike straight at Brunè. Singapore sent an English squadron, and late in the year Brooke carried the war to the Sultan. That worthy declined to wait and took to the jungle before the ships appeared in the river off his palace. It was a flurry only so far as Borneo was concerned, but it was to have results in far-away England. There was a little interlude of piracy near Kuching. The Sakarrans and Sarebus, long accustomed to bursts of piracy, took advantage of the Rajah's absence to go mildly on the warpath. Brooke levied a fine of one hundred jars and a hundred captives and that little matter was settled. The fine

was the more painful of the two inasmuch as the favorite Dyak investments were jars, gongs, and swivel cannon. It was at the end of this year that the British government took over the island of Labuan as a British dependency. This lay off the coast of Sarawak and was an important factor in the control of the larger island.

The greater part of the year following this was spent in England, and here Brooke felt for the first time the full force of the opposition that was growing against him at home. It is a waste of space to go into it now. Much of it was of the type that would be called anti-imperialistic in these days. Brooke was accused of oppression, extortion, cruelty, and murder. He was challenged to prove that the pirates he had fought on the Sakarran and the Sarebus were really pirates and not peaceful natives and traders. It can be dismissed with the simple statement that no one who knew Borneo had any doubt of the facts and of the justice of Brooke's position.

His year at home was not all controversial. The Queen received him at Windsor, Oxford gave him an honorary degree, the freedom of the City of London was conferred on him, and many societies did him honor. The crowning touch was his recognition by the government in the form of an appointment as governor of Labuan, Consul General of Borneo, and Commissioner of the native states. When he went back to Sarawak, he carried with him for the first time a flag of the little country, a red and purple cross from Brooke's armorial shield on a yellow field, yellow being

the royal color of Borneo. With him went also a nephew, John Brooke Johnson, who took the surname of Brooke, and who will be hereafter known as Captain Brooke.

The return to Sarawak in 1849 was signalized by a big fight in the Batang Lupar River. Brooke's party, accompanied by boats from a British squadron and a paddle-wheel steamer, ran foul of a pirate fleet of 150 boats returning from a raid loaded down with loot and prisoners. In the fight that followed, five hundred of the pirates were killed and the rest took refuge in the jungle along the bank. So the process of pacifying went on. Two tribes that had held off sent messengers that they wanted to be good and especially asked Brooke that he build a fort for their protection. This Brooke did and sent a young Englishman, Arthur Brereton, to take command.

Here is the first evidence of a factor that had been gradually growing in Brooke's favor. For the first time he was able to say that he had around him a staff of able, enthusiastic, courageous young men of his own race. His two nephews were with him, Charles Johnson and his brother, the new Captain Brooke. Brereton was another, and more were coming all the time. The pay was small and the work was hard and usually dangerous, but they stuck. For the most part they gave up their posts only with their lives. Miss Gertrude Jacob, one of the biographers of the Rajah, whose uncle had been his friend and guest at Kuching, said of them: "And thus there gathered one by one a brotherhood that caught its inspiration from its leader,

and bore with hard work, constant exposure to a trying climate, great and long continued isolation, discomforts innumerable, and a pay which, never high, fluctuated with the fortunes of the country."

One thing that cheered Brooke's heart was the recognition of his government by the United States which addressed him as the "Ruler of the State of Sarawak" and sent an envoy to Kuching to congratulate him on the suppression of piracy. Brooke's own attitude can be summed up in his phrase: "A slipshod policy is in the end a bloody and cruel one."

On his way back to Kuching from Singapore he was taken ill with smallpox and nearly died. While he lay burning with fever and in his delirium fighting by the side of Simon de Montfort on the field of Evesham, Rentap, a Sakarran chief and a jealous guardian of the old customs—especially piracy—attacked Brereton's post and killed Lee, his second in command. Gassin, a friendly chief—"silly, dear old Gassin," as Brooke called him—burning to avenge this outrage, insisted on leading the attack on "Grandfather" Rentap's stronghold. The result was failure, and Rentap sent guides and provisions to enable his enemy to get back to their own country. Charles Johnson, whom the Dyaks had kept in the rear, reports: "The Dyaks said birds and dreams had been 'angat' (hot) consequently bad; the Malays (Sarawak) said if they had only been there, the result would have been different; and the Europeans said—nothing."

Another storm center was Muka, on the borders of Sarawak. Ursut. the ruler of the district, quarreled

with his cousin Matusen, and Matusen fled for his life. Later the affair was patched up and Matusen was allowed to return on his promise of good behavior. This held till he saw a chance to square accounts with his cousin, whereupon he killed him and his women and children. War threatened, and the women and children of Matusen fled to Kuching for protection under Brooke.

Brooke had no part in this civil war, but he could not tolerate a conflagration on his borders. The real center of the disturbance seemed to him to be the Sultan's palace in Brunè and he went thither. The Sultan was apparently friendly and assured him that he would do everything in his power to bring order at Muka. His chief advisor, Brooke's old enemy Makota, was absent, however, and Brooke feared the worst. After his departure from Brunè he learned that Makota was raiding in Muka by the Sultan's orders. Matusen was beaten and fled to Kuching to take shelter under the white man, and Charles Johnson was sent to Muka to do the job the Sultan had promised to do.

Brooke's Dyaks were gradually being whipped into shape as a fighting force, but the old desires died hard. At Muka, Johnson had constant trouble with his men who could not understand a victory without heads to show for it. To them the attitude of Brooke and his lieutenants was like that of a stern father who would deny his good children sugar-plums. One of Brooke's old Malays, Abang Aing, was Johnson's right-hand man at Muka. It was on him that the brunt of the Dyak pleadings fell. His final word was usually con-

vincing. "Well, you know I have warned you, and if you attempt anything of the sort, we have arms, powder, and shot; therefore do as you think proper." This was language they could understand.

Then there was the case of Si Jannah who was fined twelve rusa jars, equivalent to about two hundred pounds sterling, for a particularly atrocious murder. Hitherto the highest fine for this crime had been about eight pounds. This added another argument to Abang Aing's stock: "Remember Jannah's twelve jars, the fine for killing; and if you cannot pay, your life will have to answer."

After Brooke's visit to England and his appointment to official position in Borneo he had hoped that the way was open for a closer bond with the mother country. Apparently, however, the officials in London were still unable to recognize piracy so far away, and instead of help there came renewed criticism, and finally an order for a Commission of Inquiry at Singapore to look into his campaigns against the pirates. At the same time the government withdrew his appointment as Consul-General and Governor of Labuan, and informed him that they were sending out his successor. The same mail brought information that the British government regarded Sarawak as a dependency of the Sultan and subject to orders from Brunè. This was the last straw. Brooke's native councillors at Kuching could see nothing but evil to come from Bruné. They had fought the Sultan and they would do it again before they would submit to his rule. "Since then they had chosen Mr. Brooke to be their king. They had

chosen him and they would support him, for the bond between them 'was as close as the skin to their flesh.' "

This action of his own country seemed to the Rajah the last straw. Now Sarawak stood alone. The province was prosperous and apparently contented, while Brunè, the center of the Sultan's personal domains, was wretched and restless. The Sultan preserved his power only by giving free rein to his rebellious piratical and head-hunting vassals.

At this point a disaster befell that was almost the last that could have been anticipated. For years the gold-workings in Sarawak and most of the antimony mines had been under the control of the Chinese. These were organized in close guilds, or shanzis. One of these shanzis had been gathering its members in and around Kuching until there were nearly four thousand Chinese at hand. At the same time the smuggling and use of opium had increased markedly and the responsibility was finally traced to the Chinese, and they were ordered to discontinue their smuggling operations. Their answer was an armed rising at night. The blow was so unexpected that Brooke and his friends were caught utterly unprepared. Four Europeans were killed and Brooke escaped only by swimming the river and taking refuge among the Malays on the other side. The traders and missionaries were spared because of the Chinese belief that in that way they could escape complications with England. It was the logical fruit of England's attitude toward the Rajah.

The long fight seemed lost. The town was in the

hands of the Chinese, the palace was in ashes, and the faithful Charles Johnson was far away among the Sakarrans. It was to these fierce people, his old enemies the Sea Dyaks, pirates and head-hunters, that Brooke turned in his extremity. But help was nearer than he thought. On the way down the river to the sea he met an English steamer on her way up. When she appeared off Kuching with the Rajah it was the turn of the Chinese to flee in panic. So swift was the change that one man from whose back Brooke shot the pack that he was carrying did not even stop to pick up his loot.

In the meantime the bad news had traveled to Johnson among the Sakarrans. In the middle of the night he was awakened by the message, "Tuan, the news is sorrowful. The Rajah is killed and all the Europeans driven from the capital." The grim old sea-fighters assembled before the dawn and awaited the word, glad of a chance to fight in a legitimate war under the white captain. Johnson was staggering and nearly blind with fever, but when he asked them to choose their leader and promise implicit obedience to him, he was the man they named. Fortunately the Dyaks were cheated out of their fight, for when they reached Kuching they found the British steamer there and the Rajah in control again.

The flurry brought up afresh the question of British influence. Lord Derby was then Prime Minister of England. He showered Brooke with compliments, but, when it came to the point, talked gravely of entanglements and precedents and would do nothing. In

one of his letters the Rajah lashed out with a phrase that came straight out of his hard experience: "No great nation ever stood in a neutral position without the loss of respect and influence."

The Rajah was now approaching the end of his long service in Sarawak. His two nephews had been trained under his own eye, and were apparently competent to handle affairs. In 1859 he bought a small estate in England to which he gave the name of Burrator. It was in the Devon on the edge of Dartmoor. Here he planned to end his days where he could look out across the wide sweep of the downs that Meredith the novelist has likened to a greyhound running. Here his friends could visit him and he could tell over to them the tale of his wild days in Sarawak. He was hardly settled in this new home when the news from the East became disquieting. Captain Brooke was acting head in the absence of the Rajah, and his moody temperament, intensified by the death of his wife, unfitted him for dealing with the troublesome elements of that land where trouble grew like weeds in the jungle. Feverish Muka was still running a temperature, although Makota had been drowned for his sins. The capable Charles Johnson was on the scene of action with a price on his head of three hundred reals.

A rumor ran through the province that a general massacre of all Europeans had been ordered. The storm center seemed to be Brunè, but it was not possible to place it definitely till the messenger was caught and proved to be an impostor. Captain Brooke had left for England, and all the burden fell on Charles

Johnson. The capture of the messenger from Brunè did not quench the flames. Murmurs of discontent still ran through the country, and the Rajah prepared to return to take up his old burden. A group of friends bought the steamer *Rainbow* and presented her to him, and he sailed for Sarawak again in 1860, his dream of a peaceful old age shattered almost at its beginning.

In the meantime, events were moving rapidly in Sarawak. Fox and Steele, two Englishmen in charge at Kanowit, the key to the Muka district, were killed, and rebellion blazed up. This time the leader was Massahore, an old firebrand and trouble-maker. He claimed to be a descendant of Mohammed and assured his people that he bore a charmed life against the bullets of the white men. It was he who had offered a pension of three hundred reals to whomever would bring him the head of Charles Johnson.

Some of the facts about Massahore's share in the plot did not come out until after the revolt had been crushed. When Johnson took command of the operations to punish the murderers of Fox and Steele, Massahore appeared on board his boat at Serikei and offered his help. Johnson was distrustful and refused. "So my course was to meet the Sherip (Massahore) in a friendly manner without a shadow of suspicion on my brow, and as he sat on one chair, I sat on another within a foot of him. He had his sword, I had mine. Both had equally sharpened edges." Afterwards Johnson said of these days: "I felt, while in this state, no more fear of danger or death than of washing my hands in the morning. A man with arms constantly

about him and death staring him in the face soon loses the sensation of what people improperly style nervousness."

In the end it was the faithful natives who crushed the revolt and punished the murderers. Dyaks from the Kanowit River who had been severely punished by Brooke only three years before came and placed themselves at Johnson's orders. He answered by imposing the hardest test that could be given these jungle and sea fighters, to attack the rebels who were strongly fortified. They attacked loyally and with courage. Many of them died in the field, but they drove the rebels in rout.

Another rebel leader was Datu Haji who had made the pilgrimage to Mecca and wore the green turban of the pilgrim. He also claimed special divine powers and was to lead the faithful to the sacking of Kuching. Again the power of Brooke's name with the people whom he had befriended stood him in good stead. They flocked in from the neighboring villages and stood around armed and waiting. One of their leaders, the "Bandar," called them together and made brief speech: "I follow the Sarawak government; there is business to be done. All those who are disposed to follow and assist me hold up their hands." There were few hands that hung at their owners' sides. Then the Bandar declared that the government intended to banish Haji and one other, "as they are considered too dangerous to live among us." Haji made one attempt later when he returned from his exile at Singapore and was ignominiously arrested by the Dutch police

and jailed for inciting an outbreak in Dutch territory at Pontianak.

The leaders were beginning to learn that their people would no longer follow them tamely to war and loot. Peace had its blessings and, on the whole, life was more pleasant and lasted longer under Brooke. It was the sign of a new day in the jungle when an old warrior said to the man who had been his chief: "You are all a parcel of babies, only fit to crawl, instead of standing upright."

The revolt was at an end. Massahore lived out his days in exile in Singapore, telling the stories of his old wars, and Haji found his end in Malacca. Years afterwards Massahore said to W. H. Read, a chronicler of Eastern history: "Truly I fought against the old Rajah, and he beat me and he exiled me; but he was always good and kind to my family and to my old mother. I was wrong, but it is too late now." When he learned that Read intended to put him in one of his books, he said: "Don't say I am a bad man, Tuan. I thought I was right to fight."

The smashing of Massahore was followed by the public installation of Captain Brooke as Rajah Muda, or heir apparent. This was a step that had been contemplated for a long time and in the old Rajah's mind was his farewell to Sarawak.

In the same year the ever busy Charles Johnson came to final grips with the genial old scoundrel Rentap in his mountain stronghold at Sadok. The roads thither were fit only for monkeys, and the fort stood at the top of a high hill that rose like the roof of a

house. Cannon swept the approaches, and a deep ditch lay in front of the stockade with sharpened stakes fringing it. At last the Dyaks had learned to fight against odds. Not only did they climb the hill, but they dragged a twelve-pound howitzer with them. Rentap's two chief allies came over at the last moment and helped the attacking force to haul the gun to position. After the fight Johnson thanked them and then fined them for their share in the rebellion. Rentap was smashed for good and all, and Sarawak began the first long term of peace that she had ever known.

All was not well at Kuching, however. Captain Brooke, brooding over the death of his wife and perhaps jealous of his brother's growing power with the Dyaks and Malays, demanded that he be given the full title of Rajah. Failing that, he defied his uncle and the British government and threatened insurrection. Meeting the old Rajah at Singapore, he was contrite and promised good behavior. It lasted only until he reached England on leave. Here he appealed to some of the old political enemies of his uncle and talked vaguely about a suit in the English courts to recover his rights.

This was the unpardonable offense. The Council in Sarawak declared that he had forfeited all rights in the country and issued against him a decree of banishment. Charles Johnson was made Rajah Muda in his stead, adding the name of Brooke to his surname. This was in the fall of 1863. That done, the old Rajah made his real last farewell to Sarawak. From Singapore he wrote to his nephew who had served

him so long and faithfully: "Remember if your health or other cause demands my presence, send for me. I gave Datu Bandar a pearl ring which in concert with you he is to send me in token of my being wanted."

He died in his English home in 1868, serene in the knowledge that England had at length made formal recognition of Sarawak and appointed a resident consul at Kuching. Almost his last word to the Brooke who ruled in his place was: "Be just to my people."

The political storm that raged around Rajah Brooke has long since been stilled. Twenty years after his death England stepped into the opening that he had made at such cost of toil and danger and declared Sarawak a British protectorate. After nearly another twenty years the position of Rajah was recognized by King Edward, and to-day Charles Vyner Brooke, son of Charles Johnson Brooke and grand-nephew of the first Rajah, rules in Sarawak.

IX

WALKER, THE FILIBUSTER

The years of the late forties of the last century were golden years of wild dreams and high adventure. The Mexican war had added an empire to our territory and drawn men's eyes to the possibilities of our new possessions. The discovery of gold in California had followed close on the heels of peace, and adventurers of all races were drawn thither for gold and for excitement.

The California of that time has been called a lawless land. That was not quite the truth. It was rather a land where law must be made as the occasion arose. There was lawlessness, to be sure, but it was soon suppressed with a heavy hand. It would be fairer to characterize it as a land of adventure, even of chivalry. Men predominated in the population, and most of them were young, hardy, and daring. Quick to resent a real or fancied insult, the code of the duel prevailed, and men fought frequently on small provocation.

To this country early in the fifties came a young Tennesseean, William Walker by name, destined to live in American chronicles as Walker the Filibuster. There was nothing in his family history to indicate the wild and checkered career that was to be his. His

father was a banker in a small Tennessee town and intended his son for the church. But that did not suit the boy's own tastes, and he elected medicine instead. He was educated at the University of Tennessee and afterwards studied in Edinburgh and in the hospitals of Europe. After his return to America he practiced for a short time in Philadelphia, but the role of a busy, humdrum doctor pleased him as little as had the prospect of the pulpit. In New Orleans he tried his hand at the law, soon shifting from that to a post as editorial writer on one of the New Orleans papers, the *Crescent*. The gold lure drew him to California, and he became an editorial writer on the San Francisco *Herald*.

About this time an adventurer, one De Boulbon, dreamed a dream of an empire in the province of Sonora, in northwestern Mexico, that should be a buffer state between the United States and Mexico. Incidentally it was believed, correctly enough, that Sonora contained great wealth of precious metal. De Boulbon ended his brief career against a wall before a firing squad, but he had given Walker an idea. What De Boulbon had attempted with Mexican rebels he would do with American riflemen. It was not hard to find men for any adventure, however desperate, in the California of that day, and in 1852 Walker landed at Cape San Lucas, at the lower end of Lower California. He was accused, and apparently with reason, of planning to found an empire that should be a stronghold of slavery. At any rate it is true that he believed firmly in that institution and foresaw that it was doomed in the southern states. He counted, too, on Texas joining

with his new government, and believed that there would be small support for a war against him on the part of the United States. While he waited at Cape San Lucas three hundred recruits joined him from California. They were precious scoundrels. Hardly had they landed when they began to plan a mutiny against their slender, youthful leader and a campaign of loot on their own account. The grey-eyed stripling showed them promptly that he was no tyro in the art of handling rough men. The leaders were court-martialed and shot, and there was no more talk of mutiny.

But the expedition was a hopeless failure. Daily they were harassed by Mexicans and Indians without a chance for the close fighting that they craved. Desertions wore down the force, and finally only thirty-five men marched behind Walker as he neared the border. A Mexican force cut them off, and the colonel in command offered safe conduct to United States soil to all except the leader. Walker feigned retreat and drew the Mexicans into an ambush and then broke through and across the border.

This rang down the curtain on the Mexican drama. Evidently Mexico had lost all the territory she intended to. Farther south Nicaragua offered a promising field for adventure. This was a rich country and an old one. Granada was founded in 1524 and Leon in 1610. There were many Americans already there. The discovery of gold in California had stimulated travel by way of the Isthmus. One of the favorite routes was by steamer up the San Juan River to Lake

Nicaragua and across the lake, thence by rail to the Pacific side. The steamers belonged to the Accessory Transit Company which was controlled by American capital, Commodore Vanderbilt being one of the principal shareholders.

But the great opportunity was offered in the fact that Nicaragua had been blasted by civil war for nearly twenty years. Men had been wasted on the battlefield until there were several times as many women in the country as there were men. Both parties, known respectively as Legitimists and Democrats, were bankrupt. The former controlled the Atlantic side and the latter the Pacific under the command of General Castellon. The Legitimists were commanded by General Guardiola, a Guatemalan, who rejoiced in the nickname of the Butcher.

Here was a chance for a free lance with a dream, and that meant a chance for Walker. There was nothing secret about his preparation for the expedition. Under the constitution of Nicaragua any citizen of any other American republic might become a citizen of Nicaragua by a mere declaration of intention. In addition, Walker made a contract with General Castellon to furnish American colonists, with the proviso that such colonists should be subject to military service. This contract was approved by the United States District Attorney in California and also by General Wool, commanding the Pacific Division of the Army. The brig *Vesta* was chartered, fifty-seven men enlisted, and supplies were bought. There were legal difficulties, however, before they were permitted to sail. A ship

must pay her debts before she leaves port, and the *Vesta* was libeled for bills run up by her former master. Then there were unpaid bills for the supplies, and the sheriff put a man aboard, and the government cutter *W. L. Marcy* lay alongside to make sure that she obeyed the law. The libels were discharged, but the sheriff still demanded heavy costs. Walker had spent his last dollar and the case was desperate. The glorious expedition seemed about to end in a police court wrangle. Walker appealed to the officers of the *Marcy*. Their duty being ended, they helped to get the sails out of the custody of the sheriff's man by a subterfuge, the sailors of the *Marcy* helped to set them, and before the sheriff knew what was happening the *Vesta* was on her way out of the harbor with his man still aboard. It is pleasant to record that the unlucky deputy was sent back from the harbor heads as the *Vesta* squared away for her run south.

It was in June, 1855, that Walker's little force landed at Realejo, on the West Coast of Nicaragua. The Democrats were in a bad way, and Castellon welcomed the reinforcements. Not so Munoz, the field commander of the Democrats. He and Walker were apparently enemies from their first meeting. Munoz's first unfriendly act was the attempted division of Walker's force among the native troops. Walker resisted, and General Castellon upheld him. This was the beginning of the American Phalanx—*La Falange Americaine* as it came to be known in Nicaragua.

It is worth while to know something of the kind of men who followed Walker on this wild adventure.

One of them was Joaquin Miller, later to have world-wide fame as the Poet of the Sierras. He has left his estimate of the leader's character: "General Walker was the cleanest man in word and deed I ever knew. He never used tobacco in any form, never drank anything except water, and always ate most sparingly. He never jested, and I cannot recall that I ever saw him smile. . . . His dress, language, and bearing were those of a clergyman, when not in the firing line, and his whole time was spent in reading. . . . On entering a town he as a rule issued a proclamation making death the penalty alike for insulting a woman, for theft, or for entering a church save as a Christian should."

Another was Frederick Henningsen, an Englishman who had been a soldier of fortune in Spain, Hungary, and Bulgaria before Nicaragua, and who fought afterwards in the Confederate Army. He said of the men who fought with Walker that he would rather have had a thousand of them than five thousand of the Civil War troops, north or south. "I have often seen them march with a broken or compound fractured arm in splints, and using the other to fire the rifle or revolver. Those with a fractured thigh or wounds which rendered them incapable of removal shot themselves. Such men do not turn up in the average of everyday life, nor do I ever expect to see their like again. All military science failed on a suddenly given field before such assailants, who came at a run to close with their revolvers and who thought little of charging a battery pistol in hand."

Still another was the Massachusetts Yankee, Frederick Townsend Ward, who was soon to find fame and death in China and to have his memory worshiped by the Chinese to this day as that of a brave man who had served them well.

All of Walker's men were young as was the leader. They were a rough, undisciplined lot, some of them veterans of the Mexican war, then less than ten years past, gold diggers from the California camps, men of their hands all of them. Among their number were many who had fought in petty wars in many countries, following in their own way Sir Philip Sidney's advice: "When you see a good war go to it." One quality they had in common, marksmanship. They could all shoot. And this gave them no mean advantage against the Nicaraguan type of soldier who was effective only at short range, and believed that victory inclined toward the side that burned most powder and made most noise.

These men were fighters by preference, and in the lulls of war they fought each other. Walker's regulations against duelling were strict, but sometimes the antagonists managed to avoid them. The marksmanship was not always as good as might have been expected in such a force. On one occasion one of the seconds standing far to one side narrowly escaped being shot in the foot. On another two lieutenants were about to fight on the beach of Lake Nicaragua when an aide of Walker's appeared. "Gentlemen, General Walker presents his compliments and directs me to say that the duel may continue, but that he wishes

to inform you that the survivor will be shot." There was no duel.

As a result of a trifling quarrel, Col. Piper challenged Col. Saunders. The latter, exercising the challenged man's right to a choice of weapons, selected rifles at five paces. This was a little too cold-blooded for the other colonel, and he resigned his commission and left the country.

Usually, however, there was little time or energy to spare for duels. The fighting was continuous and bloody enough to satisfy the most exacting. The first expedition after the little force landed at Realejo was against Rivas (the local name for Nicaragua City), held by the Legitimists. A hundred and fifty native troops under Col. Ramirez accompanied the Americans on the *Vesta* which carried them to San Juan del Sur. From there it was a twenty-five mile march to Rivas. They must avoid the main roads for fear of discovery, and marched most of the way at night through jungle in rain and darkness. Forty hours were spent in marching the twenty-five miles. They attacked at noon, and Ramirez and his native troops ran at the first shot. The Americans bored their way into the town and fought from house to house. It was a four hours' fight almost hand to hand. The Americans were penned in a big house on a cross street and cut their way out with sword and pistol, forty against hundreds. It was the kind of work and the kind of odds that they were to know many times more before their Nicaraguan days were over, and they took to it kindly from the start.

The first campaign looked like a defeat, but Walker was only beginning. He made a new contract with Castellon, seized a supply of lead belonging to an Englishman at Leon, and secured full authority to treat with the Accessory Transit Company which so far had refused to deal with the Democrats. He was also given authority to draw into his force such native troops as he wanted. Fresh American recruits were coming in steadily. The next time they took the field the Legitimists were the aggressors. Gen. Guardiola, the Guatemalan, attacked Walker and his men at La Virgen. The attackers outnumbered the others eleven hundred to seven hundred, but the result was utter rout for the Legitimists. Their loss was reported as being almost equal to Walker's whole force, and Guardiola rode back to Rivas alone.

Castellon died, and Corral succeeded Guardiola at Rivas. Walker moved to follow up his success at La Virgen. On the way he captured dispatches intended for Corral, read them, and sent them on with a message that they were harmless to him and might be useful to Corral. His next objective was Granada, on Lake Nicaragua, the oldest city in Nicaragua, and a stronghold of the Legitimists, defended by Gen. Corral in person. Walker attempted no frontal attack here. Instead he commandeered one of the lake steamers, loaded his entire force aboard, and landed near the city at night. At daybreak the Granadans found the Democrats already in possession. Guards were posted on all the streets. The city had been taken without the loss of a man in the attacking force.

This broke the back of the Legitimists' military power for the time being. Corral escaped from the city and held out for a time, but he, too, soon surrendered and rode into Granada side by side with Walker.

The little American was approaching the zenith of his career. The civil war was apparently at an end. He was commander-in-chief of the Nicaraguan army, with Corral, his late opponent, as Minister of War and Gen. Rivas as Provisional President. But it is hard for Central American politicians to run straight. Six days after Corral took office, letters from him to Guardiola were captured proving treachery. He was tried and in three days ended his life before a firing squad.

Now appears the beginning of the controversy that was at last to compass the downfall of Walker. Under the contract of the Nicaraguan government with the Accessory Transit Company the government was a sharer in the profits, but there were no profits. Walker believed that the company was falsifying its reports and seized its property until the accounts should be straightened out. Since it was an American company, this act immediately brought him into conflict with the government at Washington and made him an international figure. Also it killed any chance he might have had of being recognized by the United States.

An interlude in this tangle of international law was a brief war with Costa Rica. The Costa Ricans attacked the town of Rivas and there was bloody fighting in the streets. The outstanding characteristic of Central American wars is the fact that most of the

battles are fought through the streets of towns. This gives it a hand-to-hand character which effectually upsets the popular idea that such revolutions are largely bloodless.

At one time during this dog fight in the streets of Rivas, Walker's men seized huge cheeses in the market and rolled them in front of them as shields. In the lulls of the fighting they ate their defenses. The fighting went on all day, around corners of buildings, from behind the pillars of the cathedral, through loopholes, from house to house, the fighters cutting their way through the walls. At one time thirteen Americans armed only with pistols charged a house and drove out two hundred Costa Ricans, killing thirty of them.

At nightfall the Americans drew off and returned to Granada. The Costa Ricans had had enough, and when the cholera broke out in their ranks they gave up and went back to their own country.

Now came another shift in the fortunes of the Grey-Eyed Man of Destiny. Already he was beginning to pay the penalty of too much success. The cry of foreign domination was raised and Rivas, who owed his presidency to Walker's victories, deserted to the Legitimists at Chinandega which that party still held. His excuse was that the American was planning to establish a slave empire. There has been much discussion on this point. It is undoubted that Walker was friendly to slavery, but there is little or no evidence that he definitely intended it as a part of his imperial plans. He was an ambitious dreamer and he had pictured to himself a great Central American empire with

himself at the head of it. Whether or not slavery was to be a part of it is of little importance, since actual slavery would have differed little in effect from the virtual peonage under which most of the manual labor of the country was done. But it was enough to turn the scales against him in all northern states at home and to make him an unsafe man in the minds of the government at Washington. When he seized the property of the Accessory Transit Company, that company quit all attempts to operate and appealed to Washington for aid in recovering their boats and wharves.

With the passing of Rivas, Walker was elected president, oddly enough on the Legitimist ticket, the party that he had been fighting since his first arrival in Nicaragua. One of his earliest acts was to send Father Vigil to Washington as minister from the new government. Mr. Marcy, then Secretary of State, refused to receive him and thus gave Walker definitely to understand that he need expect nothing from his own country.

Granada, his capital, was being hard pressed by the enemy, who had once more taken the field against him, and he determined to abandon the city and to make his headquarters at Rivas, where he had fought the Costa Ricans. Henningsen, the English soldier of fortune, carried out the evacuation and after days of desperate fighting cut his way through to the waiting lake steamers, burning the city behind him. Before he embarked he thrust a lance upright in the ground, bearing the inscription in Spanish, "Here was Granada."

From this date Walker's fortunes declined. He

still held the title of President of Nicaragua, but the Nicaraguans in his army were fast slipping over to the other side. He was shut up in Rivas with a small force and although American reinforcements arrived at San Juan del Norte the efforts to relieve him from that side were too slow and the forces of the enemy were strengthened in time to hold them off. The enemy now controlled Lake Nicaragua and the steamers on the lake, and the town was closely invested. Provisions were low and the defenders killed and ate the oxen and mules of the quartermaster's forces and finally the horses of the Americans. In spite of this they stood off almost daily assaults for nearly three months. With the Nicaraguans united against him, the situation was impossible, and Walker surrendered to Captain Davis, of the U. S. sloop of war *St. Marys,* May 1, 1856.

The greatest force of the Americans during the siege was 919, and that had been worn down to less than three hundred men fit for active duty at the end against a besieging force that ranged from four thousand to seven thousand.

The curtain was going down, but Walker refused to recognize any end of the drama that left him out of the cast. Back in New York, he organized another expedition which attempted to land through Costa Rica but was turned back by a United States man-of-war on watch in the Caribbean. This time he was tried in New Orleans for violating the neutrality laws and acquitted. A second effort came to grief on a coral

reef in the Caribbean, and the men were brought back to Mobile.

A third time the leader tried, this time from New Orleans in two schooners with ninety-one men in all. One of the vessels was captured by the British and the men were put ashore in Honduras. Here they joined the men from the other schooner and Walker put it to vote to decide what should be done. There were two choices, to crowd into the single schooner and go back to America beaten or to cut through Honduras to Nicaragua. If they chose the latter they must capture Trujillo, defended by batteries, which stood in their way. Without a dissenting voice they voted for Nicaragua. There was a revolution simmering in Honduras, and Walker saw a chance here to bring added strength to his side. Unfortunately the two chief items in the program of the Honduran leaders were loot and loafing, and Walker never found the revolutionists.

Trujillo was protected by an old Spanish fort of solid masonry defended by rifles and cannon, but Walker and his men carried it in a frontal attack in the early morning. The chief ordnance officer in the American force was Ryan, afterwards commander of the *Virginius* in an attempt to aid the Cuban revolutionists against Spain. The *Virginius* was captured and Ryan was shot at Santiago with most of his men.

With the capture of Trujillo the British appeared and the commander of H. M. S. *Icarus* notified Walker that the British government had a mortgage on the port revenues of the town and would permit no interference by an American filibuster. There was still

time to turn back, as the *Icarus* offered to return the Americans to the United States. They decided instead to make a try to join forces with the Honduran rebels, and stole out of Trujillo at night with a native who had promised to guide them to the rebel camp. First the guide lost his way, and then they lost their guide. The next day they found the village where the rebels had been, but there were no rebels. Evidently the revolution was taking a day off. By this time, fighting had reduced the ninety-one men to thirty-one. The *Icarus* had followed them down the coast, playing hide and seek with them, and finally brought them to bay in the abandoned camp of Cabanas, the Honduran rebel.

Walker had come to the end of the trail, and trusting in the British assurances of a safe conduct he surrendered to the commander of the *Icarus*. That worthy steamed back to Trujillo and turned him over to Alvary, commander of the Honduran government forces. There was a last loophole. He might have appealed to the American consul on the ground of his American citizenship, but he scorned to do it. "The president of Nicaragua is a citizen of Nicaragua," he declared and went to his death on the Honduran beach in front of a firing squad of barefooted soldiers. Only twelve men out of the original ninety-one finally found their way back to the United States.

Walker cannot be judged by the standards of our own time, near to us as he is in years. He belonged to an adventurous day when men dreamed wild dreams of gold, of power, of dominion. It was only a short

time before that all Spanish America had thrown off the yoke of Spain. China was in ferment and the Sepoy rebellion was shaking the power of the British in India. Our own war with Mexico had drawn attention southward and released men's minds from the bonds of convention and habit. It was a time when anything might happen.

Neither can he be accused of carrying war to Nicaragua. When he appeared war was an old story there, and had the Nicaraguans held to their side of the contract as he held to his they would probably have known a peace that had not been their lot for twenty years. Wherever he held the power there was order. He reduced his own brother to the ranks for a breach of military discipline. He court-martialed and shot men for looting or burning.

He carried none of the air of the traditional filibuster or guerrilla fighter as we find him in the pages of fiction. He was a little man, not over five feet five inches in height and weighing about a hundred and thirty pounds. He wore no uniform or decorations, never carried sword or pistol except in battle, and never indulged in private quarrels. He had no close friends and made no confidences, but the wild youth that followed him had for him the deepest respect, mingled with a wholesome fear. Through all his life he held to a firm belief in his star of destiny which led him to the presidency of Nicaragua and then to the desolate Honduran beach in the early dawn. And he was only thirty-seven when he died.

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